



THE

Tattler

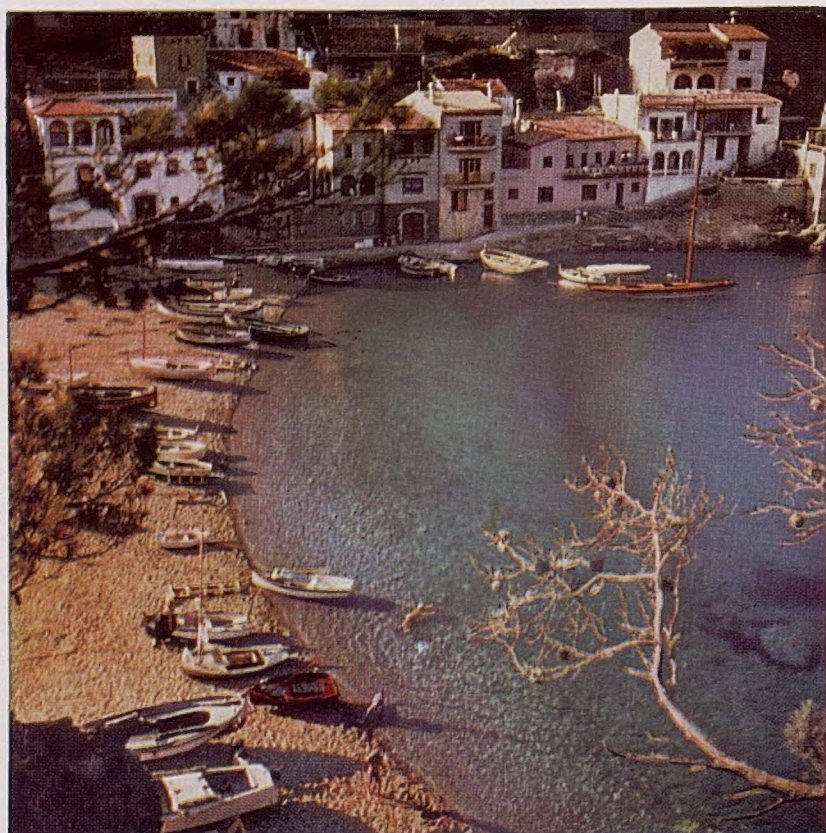
& Bystander 2s. weekly 10 June 1959



SAILING SEASON RIGS

BEFORE A SALE
AT CHRISTIE'S

A DAY AT
THE BOMBAY RACES



*Enchanting prospect . . .
Costa Brava (Gerona)*

Playas de España

Spanish Beaches

Breath-taking stretches of golden sand . . . tranquil inlets where the world is yours alone . . . the Mediterranean murmuring invitations to bathe in its sparkling blue.

And along the shore, white-walled villages drowsing in the shimmering heat . . . villages that will tonight burst into life as the Sardana is played and danced in the pine-scented air. Just a part of the magic of Spain . . . waiting for you so near at hand.



*On the way to bathe on the
Costa Brava*

The Spanish National Tourist Office,
70 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1,
or your Travel Agent
will tell you all about Spain.



This year . . . next year . . . sometime . . . ever
SPAIN

Inspired beachwear . . .

French bikinis, beautiful and brief (from as little as 39/6) or this year's covered-up look of English swimwear. Sleek swimsuits from Australia, gay and elegant resort dresses from the Côte d'Azur . . . and from Capri, Emilio Pucci's own brand of playwear magic, pure silk shirts-plus-shorts in colours rich and rare. And if you are a little larger than average . . . we make a speciality of beachwear designed just for you.

Left:

Emilio Pucci features poplin shirts . . . superbly cut . . . the neckline adaptable . . . brilliantly coloured in glowing sun-and-sea tones of turquoise, blue grotto, geranium pink, yellow, almond green or in cool, frosty white. Sizes 12, 14, 16

84/-

. . . slacks in cotton gaberdine to team with them in these same colours with the exception of white. Sizes 12, 14, 16

£8. 19. 6.

. . . shorts (not illustrated), also in cotton gaberdine in the same colours and sizes.

59/6

Above:

The indispensable resort three-piece . . . button through skirt aswirl with unpressed pleats; jacket with generous wrap-around tie plus a most becoming swimsuit, ruched for comfort, cuffed for figure flattery. Green, grotto blue or royal blue design on white.

Bust sizes 34 to 42

8 gns.

Post orders welcomed

with the

Debenham

touch

Introducing two new André Bernard salons...

IPSWICH

the delightful new salon at 18 Princes Street is already winning great acclaim.

Telephone: Ipswich 56504

CHESTER

this newest salon, at 23 Foregate Street, will be opened on June 25th.

Telephone: Chester 26312

André Bernard

THE MEN WITH THE GOLDEN TOUCH

20 Grafton Street, W.1. Mayfair 9366
18 Dover Street, W.1. Hyde Park 4812

BRANCHES:

NORWICH 10 St. Stephen Street. Norwich 28281
LIVERPOOL Ranelagh Street. Royal 3163
BRISTOL 63 Park Street. Bristol 22324
SOUTHPORT 22 London Street. Southport 57725



5592

more luxury
more space
more pace



and a
flawless
sporting
pedigree

Here it is—today's exciting M.G. Magnette—sleek as a panther, urgent as an arrow, inspired continental styling in every line. With all the zip, punch and road-hugging stability inherent in its breed, it wins outright on performance alone, yet this thrilling sports saloon has more to offer . . . extra space for luggage . . . panoramic vision . . . flawless craftsmanship throughout.



162

MAGNETTE
MARK III

Safety Fast!

Price £714.0.0 plus £298.12.6 P.T.
Duotone Colours extra.
Twelve Months' Warranty and
backed by B.M.C. Service—the
most comprehensive in Europe.



THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD
London Showrooms: Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, London, W.1
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Limited, Cowley, Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

GOING PLACES

SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

COMPILED BY JOHN MANN

THE SEASON

Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor House. To 25 June. (See page 591.)

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House (to mid-August); also paintings by **Sir Winston Churchill** (to 3 August).

Trooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade, on the Queen's official birthday, 13 June.

Royal Ascot, 16-19 June.

Glyndebourne Festival Opera to 16 August. (Tickets, Glyndebourne Opera Office, 23 Baker St., W.1. WEL 1010.)

The Royal Tournament, Earls Court, to 20 June. (Tickets, 66 Victoria St., S.W.1. VIC 7852.)

Richmond Royal Horse Show, 11-13 June.

Polo: Ascot Week Tournament, Smith's Lawn, Windsor, for the Royal Windsor Cup. 13-21 June.

May Week. Balls at St. John's, Jesus, Pembroke and Trinity Hall, 16 June.

Guards Boat Club Ball, Maidenhead, 17 June.

SPORT

Second Test Match, England v. India, Lord's. 18, 19, 20, 22, 23 June.

County Cricket Weeks. Hove, 13-19 June; Bath 13-19 June; Nottingham 17-23 June.

Golf: Commonwealth & British Empire meeting, Walton Heath, 11, 12 June. Scottish Ladies Amateur Championship, Nairn, 15-18 June. Stroke Play Championship for Brabazon Trophy, Nottingham, 18-20 June.

Motoring: Shelsley Walsh National Hill Climb, 14 June.

Yachting: Forth Week, to 14 June. Medway Week, Upnor, to 14 June. Southampton Regatta, 13 June.

MUSICAL

Purcell-Handel Festival. Programme of sacred music by the Elizabethan Singers and the Kalmar Chamber Orchestra in the Chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. 8.30 p.m., 12 June. (Tickets, Ibbs & Tillett. WEL 8418.)

Dido & Aeneas in the Great Hall, Hampton Court. 9.15 p.m., 18-19 June. 6.15 and 9.15 p.m., 20 June. (Tickets, Ibbs & Tillett, WEL 8418; and Bentalls, Kingston 1001.)

Samson at Covent Garden, 12 & 25 June. (cov 1066.)

Bath Festival, to 13 June.

Aldeburgh Festival, 19-28 June. The programme, from madrigals to Masses, includes a revival of *The Rape Of Lucretia*, *Under Milk Wood* and *A Purcell Cabaret*.

St. Paul's Church, Wilton Place, S.W.1. Verdi's *Requiem*, conductor Richard Latham, 8 p.m. 18 June.

Eileen Joyce, piano recital at the Burford Bridge Hotel, Surrey. 8 p.m., 21 June. (In aid of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. Tickets, The Duchess of Sutherland, c/o Burford Bridge Hotel.)

Covent Garden Opera. Maria Callas in Cherubini's *Medea* (exchange production from Dallas, Texas), 17, 22, 24, 27, 30 June.

Die Fledermaus (Sadler's Wells company) at the London Coliseum. To 4 July. (TEM 3161.)

ART

Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition, Edinburgh. To 9 August.

Royal Cambrian Academy, Summer Exhibition, Conway. To 30 Sept.

Royal Society of British Artists' Exhibition, Suffolk St., Haymarket. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (Thursday, 7 p.m.) To 28 June.

18th-Century Portrait Busts, Kenwood House, Hampstead.

The City of London in books and paintings, National Book League exhibition. 7 Albemarle St., W.1. To 1 July.

Duncan Grant Retrospective Exhibition, Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1. Weekdays 10 a.m.-6 p.m., Sundays 2-6 p.m. To 21 June.

GARDENS

Admission fee usually 1s. unless otherwise stated.

Hedingham Castle, Castle Hedingham, Essex. 2-6.30 p.m., 13 June. (1s. 6d.)

Aubrey House, Aubrey Walk, Camden Hill, W.8. 2.30-7 p.m., 14 June. (2s.)

The Old Vicarage, Winkfield, near Windsor. 2-7 p.m., 14 June.

Fulvens Farm, and **High Hackhurst**, Abinger Hammer, Surrey. 2-7 p.m., 14 June.

Sissinghurst Castle, near Cranbrook, Kent. 10 a.m.-7 p.m., 17 June. (Children 6d.) Also **Sissinghurst Place**, 2-7 p.m. Same day.

Nos. 7, 8, 9 St. Alban's Grove, Victoria Rd., Kensington. Three small gardens. 3-7 p.m., 18 June. (2s. 6d.)

Mackerye End, near Harpenden, Herts. 2-7 p.m., 21 June.

REVIVALS

Old Vic. *The Tempest*, or *The Enchanted Island* (adapted from Shakespeare, with Purcell's music. First performance for 115 years). To 27 June. (WAT 7616.)

Windsor Repertory Theatre. *Clutterbuck*, by Benn Levy. To 20 June. (Windsor 1107-8.)

FIRST NIGHTS

Brendan Behan's *The Hostage* (seen at Theatre Workshop in October). 11 June. (Wyndham's Theatre, TEM 3028.)

Graham Greene's *The Complainant Lover*, with Ralph Richardson, Paul Scofield and Phyllis Calvert. 18 June. (Globe Theatre, GER 1592.)

PRAISED PLAYS

See "Verdicts" (p. 601) for Anthony Cookman's review this week.

Orpheus Descending. "... the people ... come violently to life, seething with passions which are usually vicious but sometimes intensely idealistic ... really must be seen." (Royal Court Theatre, SLO 1745. Limited run.)

Roar Like A Dove. "Miss Storm ... writes a great many amusing lines ... spoken by a company who know how to make them tell for all that they are worth." Faith Brook, Patrick Barr, Margalo Gilmore. (Phoenix Theatre, TEM 8611.)

Fool's Paradise. "... Mr. Peter Coke's new farce ... the piece has ... a disarming quality, and of this Miss Courtneidge makes the most." Cicely Courtneidge, Norah Swinburne. (Apollo Theatre, GER 2663.)

A Taste Of Honey. "Miss Delaney has a remarkably good ear for the language of the Lancashire back streets ... we step from a sublimated music-hall sketch to slow-moving, realistic drama." Avis Bunnage, Frances Cuka, Murray Melvin. (Criterion Theatre, WHI 3216.)

FANCIED FILMS

For Elspeth Grant's notices of new films see "Verdicts," p. 601.

G.R. = General Release.

Lesson In Love. "... a film both astringent and tender about marriage ... Herr Bergman ... wears an indulgent smile ... I found it most refreshing." Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Bjornstrand. (Paris-Pullman, KEN 5898.)

Some Like It Hot. "... the action of this hilarious piece takes place in 1929 ... one way and another I enjoyed it hugely." Tony Curtis, Jack Lemmon, Marilyn Monroe, George Raft. (London Pavilion, GER 2982.)

Carlton-Browne of the F.O. "... extraordinarily funny ... the teasing shafts, though undeniably barbed, are not venomous." Terry-Thomas, Peter Sellers, Ian Bannen. G.R.

Sapphire. "... notable and memorable ... exceedingly exciting ... excellent performances. ..." Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell. G.R.

The Shaggy Dog. "... in every way a felicitous affair ... Great fun." Fred MacMurray, Tommy Kirk, Kevin Corcoran. (Studio One, GER 3300.)

continued overleaf



Vol. CCXXXII No. 3022

10 June 1959

COVER FEATURE: See page 594. Cover picture by Peter Alexander

NEXT WEEK: *Seawayside Canada*, a social guide to the region the Queen will visit. ... *The Thousand Islands*, photographic feature on a colourful Canadian weekend spot. ... *Monica Furlong* interviews the Boulting Brothers

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. *Subscription Rates*: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 15s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

INGRAM HOUSE 195-8 STRAND
LONDON W.C.2 (TEMPLE BAR 5444)

COURTELLE



'Trail-Blazer'—one of the very first thick-knits ever made in the new high-bulk acrylic yarn. In eleven new Jaeger colours, 7 guineas.

Why Jaeger chose Courtelle for their newest thick-knits

Because it washes magnificently (think of the joy of a pale-coloured thick-knit you can wash quickly and often). Because it's bulky but very light—and comes in beautiful rich colours. Most of all because these thick-knits always keep their shape, and are so supple, soft and warm that no fashion-minded girl could resist them. Get the feel of the first thick-knits made in Courtelle at any shop selling Jaeger.

JAEGER

ENQUIRIES TO JAEGER HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1



ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Guide to dining out

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

Albert, 53-55 Beak Street, W.1. (GER 1296.) C.S. "Albert" is Mr. Pessione who even grows special vegetables for his customers at home in Hertfordshire to complement his first-class Continental cuisine—which he offers at very reasonable prices. Wines from the glass to the gallon.

Boulestin, 25 Southampton St., W.C.2. (TEM 7061.) C.S. Joseph Barnett does his best to follow in the footsteps of that great gastronome Marcel Boulestin, and his best is good; allow time and money to do it justice.

Coventry Street Corner House, W.1. (GER 7431.) Possibly the best value in London at the "Bacon and Egg," "Chicken Fayre," "Seven Stars," "Grill and Cheese," four lively new restaurants under one roof. Excellent wines by the glass, carafe or bottle.

Au Jardin des Gourmets, 5 Greek Street, W.1. (GER 1816.) C.S. I once asked Maurice Richier who, with M. André, has run this restaurant since 1949, why he did not renew the sign outside his restaurant. He smiled as he replied: "People know we are here!" I'll leave it at that, except to say that, as for the wine list, Maurice was at one time *sommelier* to Marcel Boulestin.

Harrods Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (SLO 1234.) C.S. Shop on the first four floors and eat on the top—The Georgian Restaurant is excellent and in another room on the same floor in the "A la Carte Café" there is a Help Yourself hors d'oeuvres table on the lines of *smorgasbord*, where you can have a fine feed for 7s. 6d.

Chez Helene Cordet, 6 Hamilton Place, Park Lane, W.1. (GRO 4994.) C.S. This is indeed a "Maison de France" and an elegant one. First-class cuisine in luxury surroundings. Small, adequate dance band for a small, somewhat inadequate, dance floor. Beautiful Louis Quinze suite available for private parties. It's a club; subscription £2 and worth it.

Chez Luba, 116 Draycott Avenue, S.W.3. (KEN 6523.) "Niki," *maitre chef de cuisine* and proprietor, is Polish-born. So concentrate on his Russian and Polish specialties and his advice appertaining to such matters.

The Colony, Berkeley Square, W.1. (MAY 1637.) C.S. The Cold Table at lunchtime is a wonder to behold. If you want to spend an evening wining, dining, dancing and watching the cabaret in comfort, emigrate to this Colony.

Derry & Toms roof garden, Kensington High Street, W.8. (WES 8181.) C.S. Growing trees, well-kept hedges, waterfalls, ponds full of fish, and gardeners hard at work. A wonderful view of London, too. You can have some cold salmon and a bottle of hock on a summer's day.

The Dorchester, Park Lane, W.1. (MAY 8888.) If you're under 25 there's a special rate in the restaurant for dinner for parties of four or more at 25s. a head for three courses chosen from the *plats du jour*, including coffee. So for a few shillings extra for wine, you can have a high time at a low cost.

L'Aperitif, 102 Jermyn Street, S.W.1. (WHI 1571.) C.S. "Leo" has ruled this successful roost for over 20 years. It's fashionable, has an intimate sort of atmosphere, and provides excellent, mainly French, cuisine.

Maison Basque, 11 Dover Street, W.1. (HYD 2651.) C.S. Andrea Rapazini is proud of his three-course "before or after" theatre dinners at 15s. 6d. I did not find his pride misplaced.

Le Pet't Montmartre, 15 Marylebone Lane, W.1. (WEL 2992.) C.S. If you suffer from fits of nostalgia for the gay, intimate bistros of Montmartre or the Left Bank, coupled with first-class cuisine Française and soft music, here is the cure.

Nag's Head, 10 James Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. (TEM 4678.) Closed for food on Sunday. If you want to combine the rough hurly-burly of this famous fruit and vegetable market with the delicate atmosphere of the world of ballet, this London pub is the place. Excellent English food in the restaurant, fine beers in the bars, and the red wines of France at the right price.

Prunier's, 72 St. James's Street, S.W.1. (HYD 1373.) C.S. Madame Prunier has reintroduced her *Souper Intime*, which starts at 10.15 p.m., ideal for "after the theatre"; for 25s. 6d. you can select three courses from a short, well-chosen and varied menu. Wines by the glass at 4s., to a carafe at 20s., or from the wine list, according to your preference and your pocket.

Westbury Hotel, New Bond Street, W.1. (MAY 7755.) The Westbury got a reputation for being "cramped." The new grillroom and the opening out of their Polo Bar into a new lounge has cured that.

The White Tower, 1 Percy Street, W.1. (MUS 2826.) Greek and Mediterranean specialties at their very best, and these are the things to order. If you want to read a top-level *Who's Who* while you are waiting for your "Roast Duck Farcie à la Grecque," look at the autographs in John Stais's "Distinguished Visitors' Book."



The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's

THE SUPERB SCOTCH

Did you know, for example? . . .



that in homes like this, Ballantine's was first drunk over a century ago. The knowledge and appreciation of really good Scotch has been handed down with the family escutcheon — the same famous names appear in the order books of to-day.



that sparkling streams bubbling down the heather-clad hills are used in the making of Ballantine's. Their crystal-clear waters impart their own unique character to the flavour of this fine Scotch.



that Ballantine's is one of the best liked Scotches in the world. In the United States, Sweden, France and many other countries, it is a top seller. The world over, when friends meet together, they naturally prefer the superb Scotch.



PASSPORT

—a weekly travel column

Five-day cruise in the Aegean

by DOONE BEAL

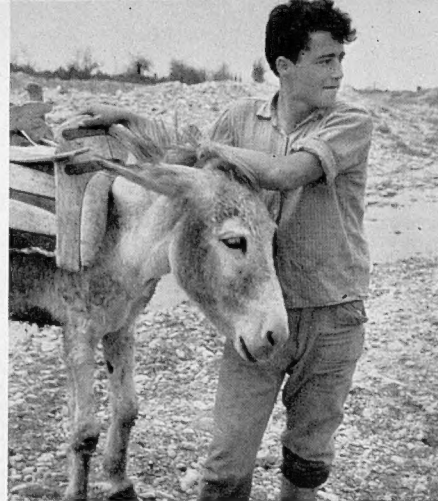
CRUISING in the Greek islands has delights and disadvantages in common with making a meal of hors d'oeuvres. However, it does serve as a guide for future points of return. And I found my five-day cruise in the Semiramis a most agreeable trip, allowing as much latitude as any organized cruise is, by definition, able to do.

Embarking at Piraeus (a taxi ride from Athens) on Monday evening and sailing overnight, the first port of call is Crete. A morning is spent at the museum and the site, restored by Sir Arthur Evans, at Knossos. In the afternoon, the alternative is a coach trip to Phaestos, or wandering in the harbourside town of Heraklion. In so short a stay, you may well be tempted by the latter.

Heraklion is not one of those picturesque, white-walled and narrow-streeted towns, but it has great flavour. Cretan bagpipers set up their nostalgic wail outside every other café. In the market, lambs' carcasses hang in gory festoons from the stalls, alongside goatskin drums of the *anthorito* cheese and great bales of artichokes (all the vegetables in Greece are magnificent).

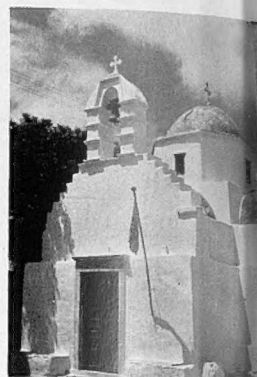
Over sixpennyworth of *ouzo* and a dish of delicious raw green beans in a pavement café, one observes that the barbers' shops compete as a rendezvous. Never have I seen such a chorus line of swarthy chins tilted simultaneously to blade and lather. Next door, the Cretan males complete their toilet, arrayed on elevated, hessian-covered chairs, with a shoe shine. A local scrapes back his chair and walks over to ask you, with grave politeness, how you like Crete. He expresses great sadness that you must leave so soon. You agree.

And yet the sight of Rhodes's harbour, next morning, supplants the memory. Its long arms of golden stone surpass in beauty all the expectations and survive all the clichés. One is guided through the museum and the Street of Knights in the old town and then left to wander, uninstructed, for a precious half hour, among the mosques of the Turkish quarter. Or to amble in the back streets—whose inhabitants contemplate the camera-clickers in recumbent, noonday inertia from underneath the plane trees.



Around the islands: Greek boy with donkey, the only form of transport on Patmos. Top, left: Ancient urns at Knossos on Crete. Left: Cretan boys & umbrella-shaded gendarme in Heraklion. Right: Tiny white-washed church is one of 100 on Myconos

John French



The ship is in dock sufficiently long to allow lunch and a swim at the newly-built Miramare Hotel (firmly earmarked as a good future place at which to stay); and to spend the evening listening to bouzoukia at a waterfront café such as *Baboula*, just outside the city walls, and watch fishermen spear octopus by lamplight.

Quite apart from its spectacular, hibiscus-studded beauty, Rhodes is better equipped for visitors than many of the other islands. It has one luxury and four first-class hotels and plenty of good restaurants.

A couple of hours are spent ashore at the white, windy little island of Kos. Near a picturesque covered marketplace, Hippocrates' plane tree still blooms from an apparently hollow trunk.

Patmos (only half a day) leaves one with an almost enraged nostalgia, sharpened by cruise-ship schedules. It is greener (don't ask me why) than its bronze-scrubbed neighbours. The white mountain village is crowned by the monastery of St. John the Divine. The ascent on donkey or mule up the hillside, with the Vale of the Apocalypse and the sea falling away below, culminates in a staggering view from the top. Several flights of steps further, the bell tower soars white and gigantic over the islands which stretch across a copper-sulphate coloured sea to the Turkish coast.

There is a Byzantine chapel of great beauty, and a library whose pride is part of the original manuscript of St. Mark's Gospel. Nearby is the shrine where St. John received his vision of the Revelations.

Down below, the harbourside town is primitive and hospitable (where else would a waiter take one English cigarette in payment for a glass of cognac?) and a local taverna where, in lieu of speaking the language, one opens the refrigerator door and points. The red mullet, grilled with olive oil and lemon juice, was unforgettable.

Should you be irrevocably seduced by Patmos, it is possible to rent a clean room very cheaply in one of the cottages, and explore the rest of the island, including some good beaches, by mule. It is not

everyone's drop—but a heady brew for some, myself included.

Delos is another interesting point on the cruise. It is a ruined city built of Naxos marble, where Leto is supposed to have given birth to the twins Apollo and Diana. Apart from its archaeological interest (some very fine mosaics included), it is one of the most beautiful of all the ancient sites: a geometric symphony of bone white marble, relieved by a fluency of scarlet poppies. There is a tourist pavilion in which to slake your thirst, but you cannot stay in Delos.

Mykonos (an hour away by boat) incarnates the dream of a white Aegean fishing village. Like sugar lumps from a distance, its tiny cubic buildings are so thickly whitewashed as almost to lose their contour. It is an island of windmills and no less than 100 miniature churches, seven of which are grouped in one square. There must be almost as many shops selling the locally woven tweeds, and a lively selection of waterfront cafés paraded by a famous pelican named Peter, who has been twice kidnapped by inhabitants of the neighbouring island of Tinos. Life in the islands is like that.

Mykonos has a new resort hotel, the Leto. But Athenians and others have, for generations, stayed in rooms in one or other of the houses; I saw a charming example at 10s. a day for bed and breakfast with use of a bathroom. The island has the quality of an embryonic Portofino, but it has quite a way to go—and is, as it stands, charmingly unspoiled.

Here, then, is a brief impression of the handful of islands offered on one cruise. If you want to short-circuit the cruise and travel direct from Piraeus, there are sailings every day except Sunday to Mykonos (from whence you travel by small boat to Delos); five times a week to Kos; four times a week to Rhodes and Crete (also, daily, via Olympic Airways); and once a week to Patmos.

Semiramis cruise prices start at around £30 for five days, single berth. She is a converted cargo ship with swimming pool, and excellent food. But the accommodation is on the rough side, so make reservations early, particularly if you want a cabin to yourself or a private shower. A small extravagance I recommend is to book your hotel room in Athens overnight to cover the morning you arrive back. The ship docks at 7 a.m., which is no time to arrive, unequipped and unbathed, in this or any other capital city.



She's
chosen
a

Revelation
Zipper

REINFORCED WITH

FIBREGLASS
TRADE MARK

Sensible girl—she's bought herself one of the colourful new Revelation 'Zippers' (63/-). Why not to the same? These 'Zippers' are made from coated Woven Fibreglass, super-light and amazingly strong. You'll find one so useful for holidays, weekends, shopping—for everything in fact. And you can be sure that its Continental-style elegance will never let you down.

There are many different designs and sizes, from £2.6.6 to £3.17.6.

Colours:

Off-White, Cherry Red, Peacock Blue, Lime Green.

FROM STORES AND LUGGAGE SHOPS EVERYWHERE

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD.,
170 PICCADILLY, LONDON W.1



53/6



48/6

dress by

Victor
Stiebel...



...hairstyle by Vidal Sassoon



VIDAL SASSOON

171 New Bond Street, London, W.1

Mayfair 9665



WE quote the shirtwaister as a 'must' for summer. Here is a particularly interesting example in satinised cotton with its three-quarter length cuffed sleeves and wide flattering collar to balance the fullness of the skirt. The waist is accentuated by a wide cummerbund. In royal blue on white, black/white, turquoise/white, Size 36-42 hip. £6.16.6 (Postage and packing 2/-)

• POST ORDERS RECEIVE CAREFUL ATTENTION

JENNERS
PRINCES STREET EDINBURGH
LIMITED

"THE TOAST IS..." the title of a new booklet featuring specially chosen gifts for all occasions — weddings, anniversaries, birthdays, bon voyage, graduations, etc. If you would like the book, please write to us and a copy will be sent immediately.

The new super anti-magnetic watch by
INTERNATIONAL
SCHAFFHAUSEN



"Stainless Steel"
models from
£58 . 0 . 0

INTERNATIONAL
INGENIEUR
automatic

This revolutionary new Automatic Watch by the International Watch Company, Schaffhausen, Switzerland is the super timepiece of modern times.

The 21-jewelled movement of highest precision is protected in a double case against strongest magnetism up to 1,000 oersteds and sealed against water, acid, etc.

Ideal for all professional men who require a watch which is fully reliable, accurate and trouble free under all conditions.

Presented by
WATCHES of SWITZERLAND
LTD

See the complete range of models in
our Showrooms at:—

14a-15 Bond Street, W.1.
28 Royal Exchange, E.C.3.
127a Princes Street, EDINBURGH



125 New Street, BIRMINGHAM
69 Lord Street, LIVERPOOL
15 Market Hill, CAMBRIDGE

ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Serena Rumbold to Mr. Jeremy Lancaster. *She* is the daughter of Sir Anthony Rumbold, Bt., & Lady Rumbold, Hatch House, Tisbury, Wilts. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. N. G. Lancaster, Woodnorton, Worcestershire

Fayer

Miss Iona J. C. Chorlton to Mr. Andrew J. Peile. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. T. Chorlton, Kingswood, Somerset West, South Africa. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Peile, Grindleford, nr. Sheffield

Martin Gibbs



Fayer

Miss Jennifer M. Ward to Mr. Denis R. Anderson. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. Ward, Summerhill, Kingfield Road, Sheffield. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. T. R. Anderson, Lowwood Park, Belfast



Lenare

Miss Alexandra (Sasha) Durlacher to Mr. Ian N. Rankin. *She* is the daughter of Vice-Admiral & Mrs. L. G. Durlacher, Green Walls, Liss, Hants; and Sloane Street, S.W.1. *He* is the son of Lt.-Col. Niall & Lady Jean Rankin, Cambridge Sq., W.2

WEDDINGS



Dennistoun—Lawrence: Miss Victoria M. Dennistoun, daughter of Major & Mrs. J. Dennistoun, Antwick Stud House, Letcombe Regis, Berks, married the Hon. John Lawrence, son of Lord & Lady Oaksey, Hill Farm, Oaksey, Wilts, at Temple Church, E.C.4



Moschietto—Sieff: Mlle. Nicole Moschietto, daughter of M. Francis & the late Mme. Moschietto, Avenue St. Michel, Monte Carlo, married Mr. Jonathan Sieff, son of Mr. & Mrs. M. Sieff, Albert Place, W.8, at the Mairie, Paris VIII



Rolls—Wilson: Miss Gillian Rolls, daughter of Mr. R. Rolls, Doe's Mead, Worplesdon, & Mrs. J. Rolls, New York, married Mr. Harald C. Wilson, son of the late Mr. W. R., and Dr. Dagmar Wilson, of Hurstpierpoint, Sussex

Lucas—Howard: Miss Alison M. Lucas, daughter of the late Mr. J. O., and Mrs. Lucas, Collingham Notts, married Mr. John A.

Howard, son of Sir John & Lady Howard, Box End, Beds, at All Saints', North Collingham

MIRANDELLA



Pois de Senteur

Crepuscule

Eau de Cologne

Adriatique

Belon

Abricot

Orchidee

in French kidskin

FORLINA

Bally
of Switzerland

FANCHON

30 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



*Princess Margaret
at the Osborne première*

A ROYAL WEEK

*The Queen watches
polo at Windsor*



*Prince Philip greets
King Olav*



*The Queen Mother
visits Swansea*

A ball at Cholmondeley Castle

**SOCIAL
DIARY**
BY MURIEL
BOWEN

About this issue of
The Tatler . . .

*We hope that The TATLER
has reached readers on time
this week, but production
difficulties may have caused
unavoidable delays. To any
readers who may be
inconvenienced during the
present dispute in the
printing industry we express
our regrets*

PEOPLE ARE SAYING THIS IS THE GAYEST JUNE since 1939. No wonder! This week alone there are no fewer than 11 private balls I can think of. And many more of these events, compared with the immediate postwar years, are being held in country houses miles from London. Last week's outstanding ball, and of the season to date, was given by the **Earl & Countess of Rocksavage** at Cholmondeley Castle, Cheshire.

Guests could see the hilltop castle, bathed in its floodlights and surrounded by a collar of dark trees, for almost half a mile as they came up the long drive. Most of them were seeing the castle for the first time since Lady Rocksavage had it done up. The square hall, used as a supper room, was previously hung with swords and staves on pine panelling. Now this has all been replaced with pink and white paint and some of the family pictures. "The panelling was so dark and hideous we decided to have it all taken down," said Lady Rocksavage.

Scores of people prominent in the social and industrial life of the North-West were there:

Lt.-Col. Gerald Grosvenor, who is heir to the Duke of Westminster, & Mrs. Grosvenor, **Sir Harold Bibby**, the shipper and bank chairman, & Lady Bibby, **Sir Francis & Lady Gidlow Jackson** and **Sir Lionel & Lady Kearns**.

As the ball was to celebrate the playing, earlier in the day, of the first high-goal polo tournament ever held in the North-West there were lots of polo personalities. They danced until dawn in a room hung with the benign, whiskered faces of Cholmondeley ancestors. The flowers (done by the house party) were very clever. Scarlet and pink rhododendrons were lit from underneath making a wonderful splash of colour. **Mr. "Mickey" Moseley**, the Cheshire Polo Club's captain, & Mrs. Moseley were introducing polo players from farther afield. **Mr. R. A. Budgett**, who runs the Kirtlington (Oxfordshire) Club, was there, and so were the **Hon. George Bathurst** (Cirencester), and **Mr. & Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland** (Cowdray), who arrived at the wrong door.

continued overleaf



The Hon. Mrs. de Zulueta, wife of the Prime Minister's secretary

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DESMOND O'NEILL

AT THE ARGENTINE DINNER



Above: The Argentinian Ambassador & Mme. Hartung (left) with Viscountess Davidson

Far left: Sir Denis Rickett, Third Secretary at the Treasury, & Lady Rickett

Left: Miss Moscoso Plaza, niece of the Ecuadorian Ambassador, with Mr. C. Valdi Vieso



SOCIAL
DIARY
continued

Guests enjoying supper (Cheshire polo wives make superb *soufflés*!) included the Hon. Angus Campbell and his wife, Sir Evelyn & Lady Broughton, Mr. E. Graham Wood, Mr. & Mrs. "Pat" Moseley and their débutante daughter Patricia (she is having a coming-out dance in Cheshire on 27 June and about 60 of the guests will be travelling up from London), Mr. F. E. F. Spiegelberg who is the honorary secretary of the Polo Club, and Mr. Gordon Ferguson. With everybody arriving together cars got into a crowded tangle in the forecourt and the dance went on and on as nobody could get away. "We'll give you a lift and you can collect your car tomorrow," offered American-born Mrs. Walter Bromley-Davenport. Their car was parked "down near the cows somewhere."

Earlier in the day Cheshire drew with the South of England, six goals each, in the high-handicap tournament on the club ground near Tarporley. Highlight of the game was a beautifully lofted goal by Col. Alec Harper (Cowdray) from a 60-yard hit. It brought cheers from the spectators, including Sir Vivyan & Lady Naylor-Leyland, Col. B. W. Heaton and Mrs. "Johnty" Ramsden and Mrs. Lee Hardy whose husbands played in earlier matches.

"A match like this would have been impossible in Cheshire before the war," said Mr. Spiegelberg. "In those days the good players all stayed in London. Now they're scattered throughout the country and it is possible to get hold of them."

Getting a team together can still be difficult, though. Sir John Barlow, M.P., who plays for Cheshire, can field a team from his own family, but not from the House of Commons which has only three polo-playing members. "He'd make a fine player," said Sir John sadly as he watched the handsome broad shoulders of Mr. Hendrie Oakshott, M.P., disappear out of the tea tent. "But I've been after him for years and it's no use."

IT'S QUICKER BY DETOUR

From horses (ponies, anyway) to horse-power, Viscount Brentford asked 600 motorists to a reception at Fanum House, Leicester Square, to celebrate the completion of the Automobile Association's new £1,000,000 building, and talk was inevitably of motoring. And what advice do the moguls of the A.A. give? "Trouble is people go on the wrong roads," said Mr. Hugh Fraser, the millionaire draper who is also the A.A.'s honorary treasurer. "I had a lovely run up to Nairn (551 miles from London) last weekend and once I crossed the Border there was no traffic to worry about." Lord Brentford, the chairman, also offered a bit of advice on beating the jams. "Even when I go down to my place in Sussex I don't go the direct route—and I never use a main road like the A.41. I'm a great believer in going five miles farther by secondary road to get there faster."

The Marquess of Linlithgow who sits on the Executive Council didn't welcome Lord Brentford's advice. "So it's he who is going round telling people!" he said. "You know, for years I've been having those lovely little country roads to myself. And now they're all getting cluttered up with cars." Lord Linlithgow, like Mr. Fraser, is a Scot. The Scots hold great sway in the A.A. They have even managed to get Loch Lomond over the mantelpiece in the new Adam dining-room.

Guests found Fanum House fascinating. Mr. & Mrs. K. C. Johnson-Davies, Mr. & Mrs. Langley-Taylor, Lt.-Gen. Sir Brian & Lady Horrocks and the Rev. S. Austen-Williams (vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields) were shown round the Operations Room. This is an elliptical staircase, with an operator at a desk on each step; it is the nerve centre of all A.A. emergency and information services throughout Britain and Ireland. If the set-up seems elaborate, well, it needs to be, with 2,000,000 members and new ones joining at the rate of 1,000 every working day.

ANGLO-ARGENTINE CELEBRATIONS

There was no testing of amity with "friendship" speeches at the Anglo-Argentine Society's dinner dance at the Savoy. Admiral Hartung, the Argentine Ambassador, gave the toast of The Queen and the Society's president, Viscount Davidson, gave the toast of the President of the Argentine Republic—and then it was on with the dance. But there were plenty of friendly gestures. Mr. L. B. Alexander (whose contacts with the Argentine are in engineering) bought tombola tickets for Admiral Hartung and Lord Davidson, which won a large tin of tongue and a small tin of creamed rice—and set a problem of protocol. Who should get which? Later the tin of tongue was seen sitting in front of the Ambassador at the head table.

Dancing to the Latin American tunes were the Hon. Henry Hankey from the Foreign Office, & his wife, Mr. Peter & the Hon. Mrs. De Zulueta, Miss Anne Llewellyn (recently back from a post at Government House, Nairobi, and now secretary to an M.P.), the Hon. David Dickinson, Miss B. E. Thomas, Senor H. Martinez, press attaché at the Argentine Embassy, & Senora Martinez, and Mr. Nicholas Baring. Mr. Baring recently joined the family banking business after a period as

continued on page 578

The Mayflower Ball

577

THE TATLER
& Bystander
10 June 1959



Miss Pauline Marshall presents a tombola prize to Mrs. Iain Macleod, wife of the Minister of Labour. With them at Grosvenor House: the Italian Ambassador, Count Vittorio Zoppi



Watching the cabaret through the doors leading to the ballroom: Mrs. John Stevens. The ball helped the International Society for the Welfare of Cripples



Sir Kenneth Coles, president of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children, with Lady Rowlandson, the ball chairman



Mr. & Mrs. Gulamasein, of Ceylon, were guests of their country's former Premier Sir John Kotalawala



Viscountess Simon with the German Ambassador, Herr Hans von Herwarth, & Lady Primrose, chairman of the Ball's young committee



The Hon. Mrs. Suzanne Skyrme & Mr. Frank Strickland-Skailes

OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES



LADY CAROLINE LOWTHER
infant daughter of the Earl and Countess
of Lonsdale, with her mother. They
live at Askham Hall, Penrith,
Cumberland



ANNABEL JANE
(three years), daughter
of Lt.-Comdr. H. Hood,
R.N., and Mrs. Hood,
Little Enton Cottage,
Enton, Surrey



MARK GRAHAM
(two years), son of
Mr. & Mrs. Frank
Williams, of First
Street, Chelsea, London,
S.W.3

SOCIAL DIARY concluded

A.D.C. to his kinsman, Sir Evelyn Baring, Governor of Kenya. "Baring is a highly respected name in Argentina," said an Embassy official. "We got our first foreign loan from the Barings in 1833."

It was a week of party-going for the Argentinians and their friends, with more parties to follow this week. (The training ship, Bahia Thetis, is due in the Port of London today and there will be a ball for officers and cadets at the embassy tomorrow night.) The celebration of Argentina's National Day brought 900 guests to the Embassy in Belgrave Square. They filled the first-floor ballroom and spilled into the other reception rooms.

As always when the Argentinians are the hosts, the food was marvellous—hot scampi and all sorts of delicious savouries. Tucking into it were the Marquess & Marchioness of Reading, Mr. & Mrs. G. P. Ritchie, the Hon. George Ward, Secretary of State for Air, and his daughter, Georgina, Mr. E. J. Wilson (he has engineering interests in the Argentine) & Mrs. Wilson, Mr. & Mrs. Clement Davies and Lt.-Col. Sir Terence & Lady Nugent.

SILENCE FOR MR. CLORE

Princess Margaret in a gown of pale yellow satin, swathed from the centre back, was cheered

by thousands outside the Empire, Leicester Square, as she stepped from her black Rolls to attend the world première of *Look Back In Anger*, the film of John Osborne's play. There were iron barriers to keep the crowds back, as well as dozens of police, and a quartet of police horses sniffing and snorting as celebrated faces passed them by. There were cheers for Dame Edith Evans and Ann Todd, silence for Mr. Charles ("I want Watneys") Clore who went in unrecognized. Missing was Mr. Osborne himself who went abroad after the hostile reception of his musical, *The World Of Paul Slickey*.

The princess received a bouquet from the seven-year-old twins Peg & Pam Boyd-Gibbons in the foyer and then took her seat in the circle. Sitting with her were Major John & the Hon. Mrs. Wills, the Earl & Countess of Harewood and Mr. Billy Wallace. It is three years since Osborne's play triggered off the cult of the Angry Young Men, but interest in it remained high enough to raise £8,000 for the two charities involved in the première.

THE GLYNDEBOURNE SWARM

Mr. John Christie, who gave up the Glyndebourne chairmanship last month, made a speech from the stage on the opening night this season (the 25th). He said that though on the second night of the first festival only seven people returned to Victoria on the opera-lovers' special, by the fourth night they were sold out and have been ever since.

Despite an overhung sky and pursuing clouds of midges, the Glyndebourne gardens attracted a swarm of visitors. Walking among the trees were Lady Davina Pepys, the Earl of Cottenham's elder daughter, and Mr. Kenneth Kleinwort who became engaged that day. Others there were Mr. John Stevens, a member of the Glyndebourne Trust and the executive director of the Bank of England, & Mrs. Stevens in a striking velvet cloak, and the Marquess of Londonderry.

After a glittering performance and the farewell speech of retiring producer Carl Ebert, there was even a special flavour to the experience of getting one's car out to the directions of tweed-hatted attendants. But many people, including Lady Violet Bonham Carter, had a long wait before eventually getting away.

BRIGGS by Graham



Débutantes at débutante dances

Desmond O'Neill



Miss Mary Phillpotts



Miss Caroline Neilson



Miss Alicia Barclay



Miss Olda Willes



Miss Madeleine Rampling

Miss Penelope & Miss Jean Ballantyne. The dance was given by their mother, Mrs. Henry Ballantyne

Above: FOR THE MISSES PENELOPE & JEAN BALLANTYNE AT THE DORCHESTER

Below: FOR MISS BELINDA BOYLE AT HER HOME, PEGSDON BARN, NEAR HITCHIN



Miss Belinda Boyle (centre) with her parents, Captain & Mrs. Richard Courtenay Boyle



Miss Elizabeth Pinney

Miss Noel Hutchinson



Van Hallan



Miss Maxine Brodrick with Mr. John Ropner



Miss Milet Delmé-Radcliffe with Mr. David Berens

The Irish Guineas

C. C. Fennell



Major & Mrs. S. C. Johnson at The Curragh with Mrs. Peggy Watt (newly-appointed Master of the United Hunt, Co. Cork) & owner-trainer Mr. William O'Grady. Left: Prince Aly Khan & Lady Ursula Vernon

The Tidworth Horse Trials

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
P. C. PALMER

Lt.-Col. F. Weldon, captain of the British Equestrian team for the European Trials, on Concerto

Mrs. H. P. Jackson, wife of the C.O. of the 10th Royal Hussars. The Army Two-day Event was held in the grounds of Tidworth House



Major & Mrs. R. Bell with Miss Elizabeth Cholmondeley

Miss Sarah Jordan with Lt. Nicholas Mylne of the 10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales's Own)

The
Chelsea
Flower
Show



Sitting out: Visitors find the shade of a marquee and (right) débutantes Sarah Drummond & Maxine Brodrick settle in a garden swing seat for a restful view of the Show



Mrs. George Brodrick
& Sir Anthony
Lindsay-Hogg, Bt.



Mrs. H. Stockley with
her daughter-in-law,
Mrs. James Stockley



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DESMOND O'NEILL



Mrs. Howard Collins



Bishop A. C. W. & Mrs.
Rose from Canterbury

expect to see him in person. Making personal appearances has become part of the fashion business nowadays and we all spend much more time on schemes for promotion than anyone dreamed of doing before the war.

I believe your business is a family one?

Rayne: Yes. I represent the third generation. The business was started by my grandparents to cater for the theatre. In those days the only people who wore smart shoes were actresses and ladies of easy virtue. After World War One shoe design changed completely and my father took advantage of the general demand for more interesting shoes and extended his range to the public. We still do quite a lot of theatrical business, though it's no longer our principal interest.

How is shoe designing done? From drawings?

Rayne: We design on the last, trying the effect of various pull-overs. And we use a few sketches, of, for instance, motifs to be executed on the vamp. Most of our staff have been with us for years, have intermarried and so on, and they are real craftsmen. I think their job is exceptionally interesting as they do not have to go on producing one design for a very long time.

How many pairs of shoes would you produce from one design then?

Rayne: A thousand at the outside. But quite possibly only three or four hundred. When you consider that many of those will be sold abroad you can see that we are quite exclusive.

Are you ever tempted to extend your range of designing beyond shoes?

Rayne: We already do stockings, handbags, and belts, and I think that is probably enough. There is an excellent proverb, you know, about a shoemaker sticking to his last!

Have you a favourite period of shoe design, a shape that you would like to see come back into fashion?

Rayne: I think for elegance I like the present point-toed fashion as well as any. But then, of course, working in fashion, one always tends to like present styles better than any others. All the others seem quite unthinkable. But I do think the present fashions, and I'm not speaking only of shoes, are very pretty and easy to wear, and are well-liked by women. That isn't always the case. I liked the sack and the chemise very much, but women never really took to them.

How long will pointed toes stay in fashion?

Rayne: They're good for the rest of 1959 and probably till about halfway through 1960. But some of us are now beginning to get a feeling for round toes. I've not quite got it myself yet, but it's gradually coming. They will be much less bulbous, more pared away than previous round toes, though.

Does comfort come into it at all? I know many women complain that pointed toes are not comfortable.

Rayne: That is absurd because, of course, the point is only an extension of the shoe. The basic shape is still the same, in fact we make the shoes on the same lasts as before. But I don't think you can separate comfort from good design. The two go together in shoes.

Tell me some more about future trends in shoe design.

Rayne: The shoes I shall be selling over the next few months will tend to be more lacy-cut than their predecessors, with perhaps a small, simple motif on the vamp. Some have a plateau effect at the front. There's a great feeling for flexibility, too, and a lot of shoes will be unlined. We are doing a special promotion on what we call our "luggage calf" line. Then I think we are using fabric in a rather exciting way for cocktail and evening shoes... velvets... satins... moiré lustre... There's one shoe that's supposed to give a stained glass window effect.

Shoe design seems to have reached such a pitch of elegance and delicacy—in things like the slimness of the heel, for example—that I find it difficult to see where it can go from here without becoming clumsy and heavy.

Rayne: But then it is always impossible to imagine what fashion will do until it has done it. Certainly no one a few years ago could have foreseen how slim the heel was to become. And, of course, modern shoe design is partly a technological triumph—combining aluminium with wood has helped to effect the revolution. One trend I can see coming is a return to the sandal. That should be popular. There are always women who will fall on your neck with gratitude if you design a sandal for them—they say that open-toed footwear is the only kind they find comfortable.

PREVIOUS PERSONALITIES interviewed in this series by Monica Furlong include Lord Altrincham (February 25), Bernard Miles (March 4), John Betjeman (April 1), Joseph Grimond (April 29) and the Dean of St. Paul's the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews (May 13). Copies can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., The Tatler & Bystander, Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, W.C.2



Peter Hope Lumley



interviews

EDWARD RAYNE

SHOEMAKER TO ROYALTY

MONICA FURLONG reports: *Mr. Edward Rayne, who makes shoes for H.M. the Queen, appears in Who's Who this year for the first time, and is the only shoemaker to do so. We drank sherry together in his office above the Bond Street showroom.*

Mr. Rayne, I know you are about to leave for America. It seems your work involves you in a lot of travelling.

Rayne: Yes, a great deal. America, South Africa, Europe... all over the place. You see the cult of the personality has entered very much into fashion. People hear about Hartnell, or whoever it may be, and they

A day at the races . . .

BOMBAY



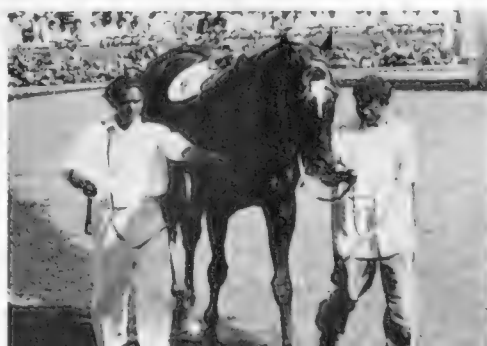
Photographed and described by Betty & J. Allan Cash

THE BOMBAY CLUB MAY BE CLOSING down but plenty of British institutions persist in the city and none more popularly than the Mahalakshmi racecourse. The course is the headquarters of the Royal Western India Turf Club, the controlling body of the sport in India, comparable with Britain's Jockey Club. Racing is held there on Sundays and public holidays throughout a five-month season lasting from November to April. There used to be racing on Saturdays, too, but this has been changed under a new rule.

Listening to the bookies calling the odds you would immediately think of other famous racecourses in Europe—Epsom, Ascot or Longchamp. For the sounds are the same and so are the amenities.

Mahalakshmi has a Toté and three enclosures—Members', 1st and 2nd. The parade ring is between the 1st and 2nd, and the horses are studied from both sides with the same intentness that is found wherever racing enthusiasts gather. The view from the

continued on page 584



BOMBAY

continued



stand is good, and the contrast of western sport and Oriental crowd is heightened by the sight of Bombay's factory chimneys on the skyline. One characteristic touch is the gaiety of the women's clothes, the bright colours

of the saris making even Ascot fashions seem pale.

Many famous British jockeys have ridden at Mahalakshmi which is regarded as the finest course in the East. Steve Donoghue's name has been called there. Edgar Britt has ridden there for the Maharajah of Baroda, and W. Rickaby has carried the colours of both the Maharajah of Idar and the Maharajah of Cooch Behar. The turn into the home stretch just after the three-furlong mark is one of the most famous in the world, and jockeys who have used the course say it is also one of the safest.

The general standard of riding is high, but so is the watchfulness of the



Top: The starting tapes are hauled into position.
Above: "They're off" and the race is on

Women's fashions at Mahalakshmi can always rival the Ascot outfits of the Western world



stewards. They have a car which follows each race along the inside of the track, from start to finish. There is also photo-finish equipment and loudspeakers for running commentaries on all the big races. Among the races several are named after British events. There is a Derby, a Two Thousand Guineas and the Indian St. Leger. The St. Leger, at one and three-quarter miles, is the longest race on the course.

For most people, a day at the races in Bombay ends in the same way as one in Britain—or indeed anywhere else. Most of the racegoers go home agreeing that it is the bookies and the Tote who collect most of the winnings.



Above: Betting on the Tote: Hopeful punters form long queues at the pay windows



Above, right: Betting with the bookies. Punters study the form in the enclosure



Right: The bets have been placed. Now there is nothing to do but watch and hope



ERNESTINE

COSTA wrote this memoir of

the author of 'The Threepenny Opera,' who was her lifelong friend, shortly before she died in London last month. A leading actress in Germany, she later introduced Brecht's work to Britain

I remember Brecht

IT STARTED WITH A LIGHT AND ENDED WITH A light. The first was a match I needed for a cigarette in Munich. The last was a light Brecht wanted to give me during a rehearsal in his own theatre in Berlin. "No smoking here," somebody said, and for the first time as long as I had known him Brecht listened to a rule, smiled and blew out the flame. A shining, wonderful light went out for ever.

Between these two lights was a lifetime of friendship, only interrupted by emigration, and resumed when he returned from the United States to Zürich. The first time I met him was in Munich, where I began my acting career as a young leading lady at the Muenchener Kammerspiele. One night getting home late from a nightclub I discovered that I had no matches. In the next-door room I heard a party still going strong. I knocked. There was a whole crowd of people, and they looked surprised at me—I was mysteriously dressed all in black, having spent the last penny of what was left to me on what I thought a suitable mourning Paris outfit. My neighbour asked me to stay. I refused at first. But then I noticed someone whom I thought fascinating. The man was Bertolt Brecht. That made me change my mind. So I suggested that the whole party should come to my room—the largest in the boarding-house, which was in Munich's Bohemian district of Schwabing.

They all came, a noisy crowd. Only Brecht sat down silently and I pushed him silently off his chair and sat down myself. Then he pushed me off the chair; we repeated this game several times. After the first silent tussle we danced together until the party broke up. I said to Brecht: "Come again without all these people." He reappeared the following afternoon and from then onwards every afternoon. We used to talk for hours.

He was the most colourful person I have ever met. His reactions were stronger than those of anybody else, his laughter, his disappointments, his rows more violent. He told me his ideas about acting; we talked about possible titles for plays. He also talked about clothes. He would explain how wrongly he thought men were dressed. He had his own way of dressing: the leather jacket, the cap set at a rakish angle.

This habit could complicate matters. At the

music festival in Baden-Baden, where one of Brecht's works was being performed for the first time, the critic Herbert Ihering was asked by the waiter to come to the door of the smart hotel where he was dining. "A man" had asked for him. Ihering asked: "Then why not send him in?"

"But sir, you don't understand. A *man*." It was Brecht in a white painter's overall, proud of his beautiful and cheap garment, too.

Brecht had endless imagination. Once when he wanted me to go to the cinema with him, he told me he knew there was a very good film on. It turned out to be the tattiest picture ever, and I became angry. Brecht then invented an entirely new, highly improbable, highly improper story, explaining that it was what the picture was really about. We laughed so much that people around us moved away. When the lights came on we were sitting in an empty space in a crowded cinema. Brecht was deeply worried. "It's all right for you," he said. "You could hide under your hat but people will have recognized me because of my cap."

Brecht used to attend nearly all our performances at the Kammerspiele (his own plays had been performed there and at the Prinzregenten Theater). He had no official function at the Kammerspiele—as is often said—but every day he was there to watch the performance and even the rehearsals. He would tell me his own ideas about acting and about theatre. They were original and individual.

That first improvised party in my room was followed by many others. Brecht insisted on selecting the guests. There was lots to drink which my guests had to supply themselves and hardly anything to eat. They were the most wonderful parties I can think of. Brecht sang his ballads and accompanied himself on his guitar. We danced to his music. I have never heard his songs performed as beautifully since. He got everything out of them, every emotion, every laugh. The tunes found their way into his plays and into the scores of the composers who worked with him—with only slight variations.

All this was happening in between Hitler riots, revolts, razzias—with the Nazis trying to interfere.

The biggest row happened on the first night of *Eduard II*, adapted by Brecht and Lion Feuch-

continued on page 608



A mirror offered for sale by the Duke of Gloucester reflects an auction conducted by Mr. A. G. Grimwade

Christie's

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND O'NEILL

On the eve of the Antique Dealers' Fair, the great auction house is celebrating its first year under new management

CHRISTIE'S *continued*



James Christie, who founded the firm in 1766, is commemorated by a plaque over the door leading to the auction rooms. On the stairs: director Gordon Hannen

The story begins in the basement

"ELEVEN O'CLOCK PRECISELY," THE CATALOGUE says. But the daily auction that begins at that time is only the end of the affair. Weeks may have elapsed since the articles for auction came into Christie's. There is inspection, cleaning and cataloguing to be done before anything can be displayed for sale. Silver, for example, is cleaned, weighed and measured and has its hallmark verified—if necessary the piece may be checked in the reference books.

Antique furniture, precious jewels and collections of silver, old books and paintings—all pour into the vast unpainted concrete basement under the St. James's salerooms. And they come in such quantities that there is rarely less than £300,000 worth below ground. Steel-doored vaults and anti-burglar devices of all kinds are used to protect the goods.

Christie's (the business is nearly 200 years old) handles all these treasures for an average commission of 10 per cent of the sale price. And while a Louis XV table can fetch 34,000 gns. (as one did last November) the firm looks likely to continue the prosperity recorded in its new 5-gn. book (privately printed) by Denys Sutton. *Christie's Since The War*.





Old MSS (and also French furniture) have displaced impressionist paintings as the fashionable "buy" lately, mainly due to the American market. Christie's consultant on books is Mr. Dudley Massey

Visitors range from ordinary members of the public, whose items for auction are examined (*left*) by receptionist John Woolley, to expert buyers and art dealers. Because of the "No Smoking" rule, the dealers (*above, left*) have a smoke outside in King Street



A watchful porter stands by the red-baized table as two dealers examine a piece of plate during a silver sale. Last summer, silver from Chatsworth fetched a total of £36,628



Behind the bars of the strongroom are kept jewellery and other items of particular value awaiting sale. Mr. W. E. Gould, one of the oldest employees, examines a pearl necklace



Chairman since April 1958, when the old company was liquidated and a new one formed, is Mr. I. O. (Peter) Chance. He joined the firm straight from Eton 28 years ago

CHRISTIE'S
concluded



Preparations below stairs: A porter stores a Meissen figure of a parrot (*above*) after it has been catalogued for sale. *Left*: Under a bright light an expert examines an old painting



A CARD TABLE FOR £1,650



This superb mahogany card table by Hepplewhite (top) is on the stand of Mallet & Son. It is of serpentine shape with carved gadrooned border, fluted frieze on cabriole legs with carved toes, and inlaid parquetry top (below). The table opens on a double gate action. Width 2ft. 7ins. Depth (closed) 1ft. 3ins. Height 2ft. 4ins. Price £1,650

It opens today at Grosvenor

House: the world's finest antique shop

AN INTRODUCTION BY ROBIN COOKE

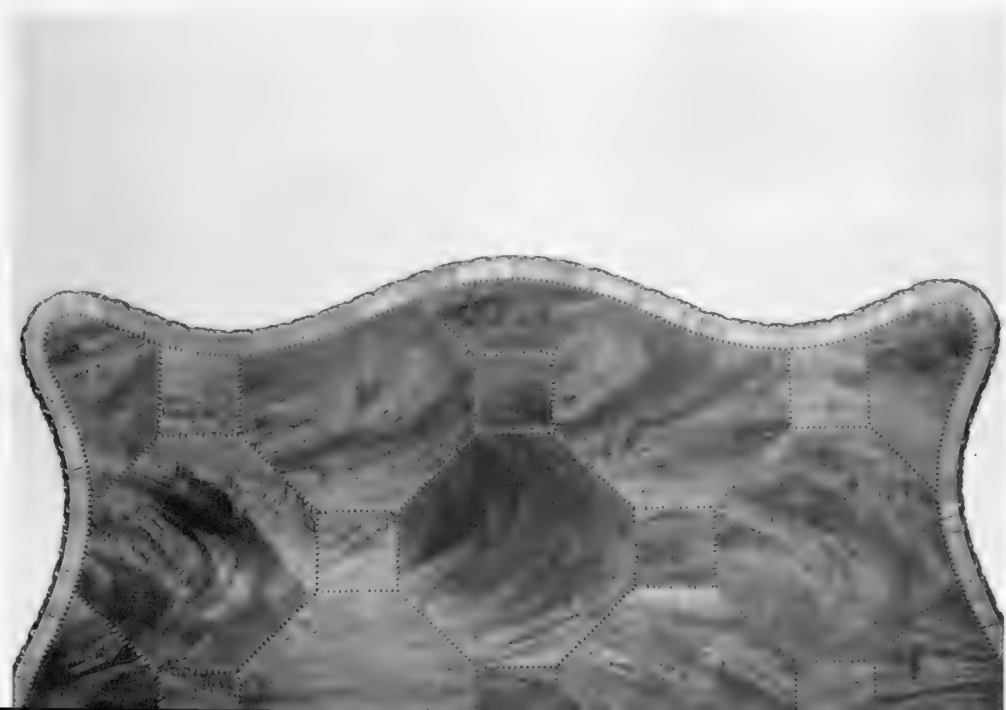
NO OTHER REGULAR EVENT BRINGS together so many beautiful things as the annual Antique Dealers' Fair—which, opening today for its 19th year, is established as part of the London Season. And all the beautiful things are for sale. As soon as something is sold, it is replaced by another piece—so that each day the show presents a new face. Many dealers begin collecting special items for the Fair a year in advance and the contents of each stand are full of surprises.

Where do the wares come from? Dry rot and death-watch beetle attack old country houses and death duties impoverish the owners. The furnishings find their way to London. Immediately after the war this was particularly evident on the stands at Grosvenor House. There was a preponderance of rare and expensive furniture, and prices were kept high by people buying as a hedge against inflation. But the dismemberment of fine houses and their collections has happily slowed down and inflation is now under control; the current Fair reflects this. There are plenty of the more ordinary and moderately priced antiques that more people can afford to buy.

Every antique sold at the Fair has been examined by experts and passed as genuine, and any dealer will give a written statement that an item was "bought at Grosvenor House." Visitors receive a well illustrated catalogue, which is included in the price of the entrance fee.

A rapid help-you-find-it survey:

MIRRORS on the stand of A. Cook of Wigmore Street. MANTELPieces, in pine or marble, at Pratts (who have dozens in the Brompton Road). JADE and Chinese art on John Sparks's stand. FURNITURE is on many stands, but probably the grandest display is on that of Mallet & Son, who have many 17th and 18th century pieces. For early oak, S. W. Wolsey of Buckingham Gate. Early PEWTER AND BRASS to go with it from Charles Casimir. MILITARY PRINTS and drawings from the Parker Gallery. Antique NEEDLEWORK and CARPETS at C. John of South Audley Street, or Arditti & Mayoreas of Jermyn Street, or Perez of Brompton Road. For the best BOOK about it all, undoubtedly Batsfords.



*'Golden and Silver Rains and Falls and Fountains
Brilliant suns and stars and huge Revolving Suns
Rainbow Candles, Rainbow Wheels and Showers
Glittering Cascades, Glorious and Brilliant Yew Trees*

*'Extravagant their names, unearthly the landskip they furnish,
Where the stars thicken to sunrise, where the suns rise
Plural and bearded, whole oaks come to stature in a moment,
And the twelve-second cherry undresses in a hood of bright rain.'*

FROM A POEM BY LAURENCE WHISTLER, ENGRAVED ON THE FOOT OF A GLASS BELONGING TO SIR GEOFFREY FABER

LAURENCE WHISTLER

engraver-poet: by Peter Quennell

EVERY WRITER, I AM MORE AND more convinced, should have a secondary occupation; during his youth he should do his best to acquire some completely different type of skill, on which he knows that he can fall back as often as his interest in literature begins to flag. The reasons I envisage are severely practical. 'Three or four hours' continuous writing a day makes a pretty good record; and, though some writers have claimed that they do their best work after dinner—or sometimes before dinner, between the hours of six and eight—few can keep their pens moving after even the lightest and least alcoholic luncheon. An unoccupied writer is apt to be gloomy and fidgety—an easy victim for those occupational diseases which haunt the background of the literary life: melancholia, hypochondria, doubt, anxiety and nervous fears. He longs to "switch off"; but he cannot find the switch. The same unsatisfactory sentence goes whirling round in his head. . . .

So far as I know only one modern writer has managed to solve this grave professional problem—Laurence Whistler—who, besides being a gifted poet, has succeeded in becoming a distinguished craftsman-artist. He describes his imaginative adventures with the help of verbal imagery; he also translates them into pictorial imagery, exquisitely

engraved upon the surface of glass. Now and then he is fortunate enough to be able to combine both forms of skill—he engraves his own verses on a glass among the decorative symbols he has himself devised. The result is a lovely yet serviceable object that stimulates the inward vision as much as it pleases the eye. Its beauty, moreover, is constantly changing: the picture he has created is never static. Turn it in the light, and it reveals a new perspective. Fill the glass to its brim with wine, and the fine arabesque that covers it stands out against a roseate cloud.

Evidently, Laurence Whistler's art owes something to his famous brother's influence. Rex Whistler, in addition to his charm, his gaiety and his unselfconscious grace, was a man of extraordinarily versatile talents, who exercised them on everything that came his way, whether he was painting a portrait, decorating a wall, illustrating a book, drawing a landscape or embellishing the margins of a private letter. It was a fascinating experience to watch the artist at work—there was so little fuss, so little show of effort; but his brush, his pen or his pencil continued to dart across the canvas or the page. As his friends looked over his shoulder, the design flourished and the picture grew. They could detect none of the false-starts, none of the hesitations, that

interrupt the average artist's progress.

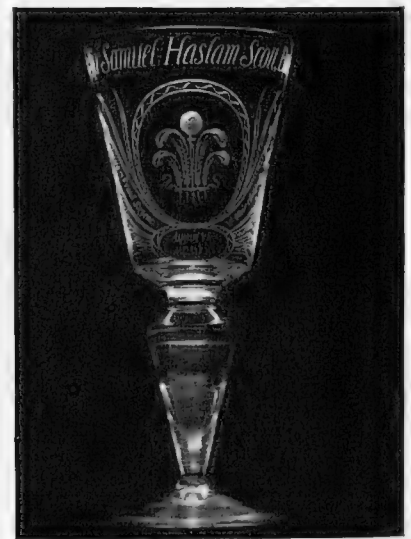
Laurence Whistler seems to have inherited a similar lightness of touch and a similar romantic sense of style. He, too, loves ruin, ancient trees, gardens, bridges and Palladian houses, and achieves equally poetic effects using a harder, less responsive medium. The engraved glasses displayed in his new book represent the work of half-a-dozen years, and his introduction gives us a brief but absorbing account of how he set about his task. He marks the surface of the glass directly with a sharp metallic point: no acids are employed: unlike a silver-engraver he does not turn the object on a rotating wheel. With the point of his tool, he either taps or scratches. By tapping he produces dotted stipple: by scratching, an engraved line. Sometimes he is content to engrave but on most glasses stippling and engraving unite to form the composition—a method that increases its depth and delicacy, and helps to convey the graduated tones of Nature.

The engraver, of course, is bound to work in terms of light; it is his function to provide the highlights, while the shadows can be left to form themselves. And then, for those who are interested in this branch of art, there is the important question of perspective. "Stippled on a goblet [Laurence Whistler

* ENGRAVED GLASS 1952-58, by Laurence Whistler. Rupert Hart-Davis, £5 5s.

A GOBLET (far right) given to Sir Samuel Haslam Scott, Bt., by his daughter & son-in-law, Dr. & Mrs. Frank Sargent, in 1955. The glass itself was also designed by Whistler

THE WILTON GOBLET, given to the Earl & Countess of Pembroke on their Golden Wedding day by their children. The Palladian bridge is shown here end-on



erites] . . . the perspective of a room or a street must run counter to the curve of the bowl; for things shown farthest off will in fact be nearest to the eye." Incidentally, if realism is his aim, the glass-engraver possesses the advantage of being able to travel round his subject: he can depict an unbroken series of images, the back of a building as well as the front. Alternatively, instead of creating a picture that unfolds as it is slowly revolved in the hand, he may engrave it "on the opposite sides of the bowl in two parts to be seen simultaneously." A particularly attractive example of the use of this technique is the "transparency" of the Stonehenge Circle (plate 44 in the present volume) where the mysterious stones, when we look through the glass, stand out against the stippled sunset behind.

Many of these triumphs of virtuosity were executed in response to a commission; and among those who are now lucky enough to own a glass engraved by Laurence Whistler are Their Majesties the Queen and the Queen Mother, the French President, Lord & Lady Pembroke (whose glass naturally exhibits a view of Wilton) and Sir Osbert Sitwell. But, wherever they are, I hope that Whistler's glasses are being regularly used; for works of art are made to be used, and Whistler's are too full of life to be relegated to the safety of a locked cupboard.

STONEHENGE engraved in a "transparency" with a stippled sunset on the far side of the bowl. The goblet is 9 inches high





Fitting out for successful sailing

To make a success of going down to the sea in ships (especially little ships) clothing must be practical and combine the virtues of toughness with those of wearability. The example on this page has the easy, casual look and is weather-proofed against wind, rain and sea spray in p.v.c.

The double-breasted jacket is fly fastening and has creamy tab trimmings. Price: £4 12s. 6d. The matching narrow trousers cost £2 7s. 6d. Footnote: Navy blue and white canvas yachting shoes, price: 25s. 6d. All from Simpson, Piccadilly



Cover: Striped cotton top by Garlaine. At Marshall & Snelgrove; Mayo, Solihull. About £5 19s. 6d.

DRAWINGS BY GRAZ



Sea-going clothes can have on-shore activities. For example, a pair of sweaters for fine days on board. *Left:* From Ireland, a sweater in a traditional pattern, *Tree Of Life*, handknitted in Irish bannin. 7 gns., by Kennedy of Ardara. Pin-striped pants, narrowly cut in blue and white French cotton. £3 13s. 6d. Both at Dickins & Jones. *Above:* Heavy-knit sweater in Orlon with crescent-shaped neck, 99s. 6d., Cotton scarf, 11s. 6d. Both at Jaeger, Regent Street

Left: A man-sized shirt partners brief shorts for sunny days on deck, in nautical navy blue sailcloth. Top, £2 2s. 6d. White-stitched shorts, 25s. Red and white striped canvas shoes with rope soles, 25s. All at Simpson



Sailing season

rigs *continued*



From "The Glory of Sail," by Frank & Keith Beken, published by the Ariel Press

New slants for seafarers



Opposite: Plotting your fashion course under sail. A jacket in blue canvas (*left*) with outsize stitched pockets, zipped and belted with a white lanyard, 55s. Out of sight, a yellow heavy-knit sweater with a polo neck, 79s. 6d. Worn with tough sailcloth jeans in navy blue, 45s. 6d., and a cover-up blue knitted cap, 16s. 6d. At Lillywhites and their new Sailing Centre in Sloane Street.

Right: Seafaring jacket in waterproofed blue nylon backed with plastic. Casually roomy and caught with a drawstring at hip level, it is practically non-tearable, £5 10s. Life saver: the waistcoat in p.v.c. worn underneath by all sensible sailors. Red sailcloth jeans, 45s. Red and white shoes with non-slip soles, 22s. 6d. All from Gordon Lowe, Brompton Arcade

New slant on coping with watery weather is Nylex—nylon with a plastic finish. Blue is the flattery point here, translated into a straight jacket and wrap-around narrow skirt by Howard Flint. The jacket costs around 5 gns., the skirt about £3 5s. Both at Gordon Lowe; Camp & Sports, Nottingham; Seasales, Canford Cliffs



Sailing season
rigs concluded

Ship-to-shore
link: the blazer



Right: Sporting complements to a sunny day, a gleaming boat, a brief top belted into even briefer shorts, all topped by a well-cut blazer. Awning-striped blazer in Swiss turquoise denim with gilded buttons and deep pockets, 8½ gns. Toning sleeveless suntop trimmed with white (not shown), 89s. 6d. Turquoise denim shorts, 69s. At Harvey Nichols. *Opposite page:* Down to the sea (or the nearest stretch of water) with purely onlooker ambitions demands an outfit casual yet chic. *Right:* White pearlized leather blazer emblazoned by a gold badge on the pocket and rimmed with white stitching. Matching narrow skirt. Jacket, £32 11s., skirt, £25 4s. *Far right:* French blue leather cardigan with attached white leather collar and cuffs, bared in the Chanel manner. £33 12s. White fine worsted pleated skirt, £10 5s. Both outfits from Fortnum & Mason



For lazing or plain sailing

Ship-shape sweaters from Hupperts are all set for a day spent aboard.

Afloat here: A soft sweater (*left*) in fine wool for warmer weather, rimmed cuffs, collar and hem with navy. £4 19s. 10d.

Below: Good looks combine with practicality in a red wool sweater for heavy weather sailing. Minutely buttoned and sensibly long, it costs £5 15s. 6d.

Both sweaters from Hupperts, Regent Street. Denim jeans from Harvey Nichols Little Shop. Photographs by Peter Alexander



VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

Theatre

Farce without a bedroom

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

THE PLAY:

Caught napping
George Benson
Raymond Huntley
Leslie Randall
Winifred Shotton

IF YOU WANT TO LAUGH, and not to reason why, go to the Piccadilly Theatre. There, by some mysterious means, producer and cast contrive to supply Mr. Geoffrey Lumsden's crazily constructed *Caught Napping* with a quite irresistible comic energy. It is all hullabaloo and misunderstandings. The general's lady is as deaf as a post. All the other characters might just as well be as deaf as adders, for they never by any chance understand what is said.

The natural result is confusion, and the confusion somehow gets funnier and funnier, like those utterly pointless stories that reduce young boys and girls to long giggling fits.

There is this to be said for the author as craftsman. Like Shakespeare when he wrote this sort of stuff, he cuts out all playing for position. He wastes no time on proofs of credibility. When Mr. George Benson's earnest ass of a housemaster going out for his early morning run stops to kiss the pretty housemaid we know at once that Lakeview is no ordinary school, and Mr. Raymond Huntley's headmaster, though never out of cap and gown, has a strong resemblance to the humourless bully likely to be found in command of a regimental depot.

What has got him bellowing with rage this morning is a school bath found in the market square. The bath contains an effigy of himself wearing an insulting label. If by nightfall any house cannot show its full complement of baths he will demand the resignation of the housemaster. This is one bit of plot. It is occasionally to emerge again in the shape of baths being bought and stolen and lugged up and down stairs to the surprise of anyone who happens to be in the drawing-room at the time.

But the goggling Mr. Benson has more than baths and his relations with the harsh headmaster on his mind. The kiss he snatched from the housemaid has horrid repercussions. Mr. Basil Lord's quick-minded rascal who is in the neighbourhood to kidnap a racehorse pretends he is the girl's father, and the price of his not going to the police is that he should be helped by the essentially innocent housemaster in the kidnapping operation.

The plot then switches absentmindedly to the owner of the racehorse, a games master in love with the housemaster's beautiful daughter but regarded as ineligible by reason of his lack of a sound classical education. He is persuaded by the girl that his best chance of winning her is to make himself word perfect in a few words of Greek he happens to know, get himself invited to dinner and to hold the table spell-bound with his learning.

It is this dinner party which really puts the farce on its feet. The misunderstandings run riot. Mr. Leslie Randall is extremely funny trying to work his Aristophanic quotation into the general conversa-



Richard Wordsworth, Stephanie Voss & Ily Hazell rehearsing *Lock Up Your Daughters* with producer Peter Coe at the Mermaid Theatre. Founder Bernard Miles watches with little Caroline Hawkins who arrived on opening night wearing a mermaid tail in honour of the new venture

tional pattern. What is supposed to be the croaking of Greek frogs is mistaken for the neighing of a horse, and a barking general (neatly played by the author) salutes the boy's genius as an animal mimic. The general's wife, Miss Nan Munro, is stone deaf but lives a dignified private life speaking whatever comes into her mind and busying herself the rest of the time with letter writing. She insists that the sports master is a famous film star of the same name.

This is a relatively minor matter, for her own name is Gwendoline, which is also the name of the racehorse that has to be kidnapped. The egregious housemaster leaps to the conclusion that he has agreed to kidnap Lady Carmichael, and he does his best, gagging her with a huge carrot and wheeling her in and out of a dark cupboard in a wheelbarrow. At a critical moment the headmaster arrives to check the number of baths in the house and not unreasonably gets the impression that he is in a lunatic asylum. All the baths have been stolen by the blackmailers, the general has lost his wife, the sports master is madly in search of his horse, the housemaster is dithering, his wife and daughter are distracted, and before the nasty brute knows what is happening he has been forced into one of the baths caught in transit and exposed to public ignominy.

All this may sound far from funny (it is a grim business analysing the comic) and perhaps it would be more convincing if I simply reported that the house on the first night hardly ever stopped laughing. Mr. Anthony Sharp, as the producer, deserves most of the credit, but Mr. Graham Armitage makes an individual success as a delightfully dotty butler.

continued overleaf

VERDICTS
continued

THE FILMS:

Look back in anger
Richard Burton
Claire Bloom
Mary Ure
Edith Evans
Gary Raymond
dr. Tony
Richardson
("X" Certificate)

*Shake hands with
the devil*
James Cagney
Don Murray
Dana Wynter
Sybil Thorndike
Michael Redgrave
dr. Michael
Anderson

Rio Bravo
John Wayne
Dean Martin
Ricky Nelson
Angie Dickinson
Walter Brennan
dr. Howard Hawks

The devil's general
Curt Jurgens
Albert Lieven
Marianne Koch
dr. Helmut
Kautner



THE RECORDS:

Art Blakey
*With Thelonious
Monk*
L.P. London
SAH-K6017

Max Roach
At Newport
L.P. Mercury
MMB12005

Quinichette/Rouse
The chase is on
L.P. Parlophone
PMC1090

Herb Ellis
*Nothing but the
blues*
L.P. Columbia
33CX10139

Benny Goodman
*plays for the
Fletcher Henderson
band*
L.P. Fontana
TFR 6022

Count Basie
The Count
L.P. RCA Camden
CDN120

Cinema
Jimmy Porter
keeps his secret

BY ELSPETH GRANT

THE SCREEN VERSION of Mr. John Osborne's play, *Look Back In Anger*, has been admirably directed by Mr. Tony Richardson and beautifully photographed by Mr. Oswald Morris—and Mr. Richard Burton gives a simply superb performance as its infuriating central character Jimmy Porter, who is, in all his livid lashing-out at his Aunt Sallies, so accurately drawn that one feels Mr. Osborne must have studied him at close quarters, possibly in the looking-glass. All the same, I am still at a loss to know just what it is that Jimmy Porter is looking back upon in anger.

He has had the advantage of a presumably free university education and, one would have thought, might aspire to something a little better than selling sweets from a stall in a street market: but that is his chosen livelihood.

He finds the world a despicable place and obviously considers it past redemption, for instead of trying to make life a little more agreeable for those around him, he snarls at his devoted partner (Mr. Gary Raymond), plays the trumpet to annoy the neighbours, and nags his wretched young wife (Miss Mary Ure) ferociously until she leaves him and returns to her parents and the comfortable, middle-class background which Mr. Porter so resents.

The moment the wife has moved out of their cramped and squalid flat, her best friend, Miss Claire Bloom, looking ineffably South Kensington, moves in and, with an enthusiasm which to me is quite inexplicable, takes over the rôles of housekeeper and bedfellow to scruffy, snarling Jimmy. The arrangement apparently suits him well, but we are to understand he really loves his wife: anyway, when she comes crawling back one gathers that, if he can hold his spleen in check, they will be able to look ahead in harmony. I doubt it.

It is a moot point whether any useful purpose is served by raking up past grievances and recalling old scores that have long since been settled—but *Shake Hands With The Devil*, which deals with the Irish "Troubles" of 1921, is, at least, an exciting film. Mr. Don Murray, the noisiest cowboy you ever heard in *Bus Stop*, is now, convincingly, a quiet American medical student at the Royal College of Surgeons in Dublin. Mr. James Cagney, astoundingly, is cast as a brilliant surgeon and a dedicated, murderously inclined leader of the I.R.A. As somebody comments, his is a strange métier—saving life with the one hand and taking it with the other.

Miss Glynnis Johns, as a patriotic barmaid, wrestles with and is thrown by the Irish brogue. Mr. Cyril Cusack, a soldier poet, shows how unobtrusively it is used by those to whom it comes naturally, and Dame Sybil Thorndike contributes a striking cameo of a great and gallant old lady. The production, perceptively designed by Mr. Tom Morahan, is most skilfully directed by Mr. Michael Anderson.

Regarding *Rio Bravo* with, one hopes, a not too jaundiced eye, one comes to the conclusion that Westerns are expanding in width and length—without acquiring the merest added millimetre in depth. I mean, the story of the upright sheriff holding a murderer in jail until he can be brought to trial, in defiance of the rich and trigger-happy Texans surrounding him, suffers severe attenuation by being drawn out to two hours and twenty minutes: it's practically transparent from the first reel.

Herr Curt Jurgens has the title rôle in *The Devil's General*—adapted from the play by Herr Carl Zuckmayer (presented in London with Mr. Trevor Howard in the same part). To what extent can a



Sadism with a trumpet. Jimmy (Richard Burton), hero of Look Back In Anger, calculates the effect of his playing on the nerves of his wife (Mary Ure) and her friend Helena (right), played by Claire Bloom

military man who has spent his life in the service of his country continue to do so once a régime he loathes has been established? This is the problem of General Harras, who despises everything Hitler and his crowd stand for.

The background of corruption, wartime high-up Nazi junketings, soulless youth and suffering age is excellently established—and one can see why, on the strength of his performance in this perplexed rôle, Herr Jurgens has in the ensuing five years become an international star.

Records

Exercises in
drumnastics

BY GERALD LASCELLES

CANDIDO, the most exotic sounding of the Afro-Cuban bongo players, is curiously handicapped in his "Indigo" excursion on H.M.V. by the supporting musicians. I find it hard to trace the exact deficiencies, but somehow the music does not add up to the expected accumulation of blues-tinged jazz that I had hoped to find. There is enormous scope for bongo drums as a means of augmenting the conventional drum set in any rhythm section, but their outlet must be complementary to the character of the front line.

The Jazz Messengers have one of America's most accomplished drummers, Art Blakey, as their leader. Their Parlophone release, "Hard Drive," runs in top gear from start to finish, and includes some intriguing work by a new pianist, Junior Mance. With propulsion as their keynote, the same Messengers come back with Thelonious Monk as pianist for the most unusual sounds of the week—a stereophonic L.P. where Blakey's brilliance excels the featured pianist.

The session is also interesting from an academic point of view; the piano alone emerges from one speaker, so that even in rousing ensemble passages one can pinpoint the exact contribution by Monk, usually economic, sometimes frankly sparse, occasionally repetitive, but always expressive. The great Thelonious contributes all but one of the six compositions recorded; in their entirety they establish him as a major contributor to the "funky" aspect of modern jazz, whilst opening to Blakey's group a showcase of unprecedented merit.

Another drummer of swinging characteristics and driving beat is Buddy Rich, once a cornerstone of Tommy Dorsey's big band. Columbia present him with trio backing in an album which is more boisterous than exciting. Rich's approach is conventional and solid, and is mostly outshone by tenorman Flip Phillips; two Englishmen, pianist Ronnie Ball and bassist Peter Ind, complete the group effectively.

I prefer the vivid, if sometimes alarming, antics of Max Roach, the most progressive drummer in

business today. He is a soloist at heart, which rouses my deepest suspicions, for I dislike intensely the current vogue for lengthy drum solos; the effect of such solos is to suspend the melody of a piece. A short solo, perhaps of four bars, in the right context can add great weight to a specific performance, but to spreadeagle great hunks of "drumnastics" across any theme or variations is downright nonsense.

Where Roach scores over his brother drummers is that he never really plays anything but solo work, although he is always behind the soloists! Last year's Newport Festival was clearly a night out for the Roach band, and they make the most of it.

Books

The lady burned like a blowlamp

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

NO BOOK THIS YEAR, I swear it, is going to astonish and delight me more than J. Christopher Herold's beautifully written, wise, witty and profoundly illuminating biography of the formidable Madame de Staël, called, for all sorts of excellent reasons, *Mistress To An Age*. This amazing, embarrassing, impossible, passionately enthusiastic and somehow touching person led a life that is a biographer's dream. She adored her father and wished she had married him; inevitably tore her train (made by Rose Bertin) when being presented to Marie Antoinette; ran a Scarlet Pimpernel rescue service from the Revolution, and learnt to play the mouth organ when going to visit Goethe.

Having made an unhappy marriage, she dreamed unceasingly of married bliss while voraciously devouring a stream of lovers that included Talleyrand and Benjamin Constant, whose life she mercilessly dominated and confused. She was heartily disliked by Napoleon, teased and shocked by Byron, and distressed from time to time by her bizarre and frozen friend Madame Récamier. At the literary house parties she gave everyone fell passionately in love with everyone else and played at play-reading and narcissistic parlour games; and although she was for ever in a state of ecstasy or despair about love, it never prevented her from writing, writing, writing.

Before reading this book, I had never been able to see her as anything but a fearful dragon of the salons, an ogress of love and letters demanding blood-sacrifice from all who crossed her path. But Mr. Herold loves her and understands her so well that it is impossible not to go along with him. At least she had an insatiable passion for life, though I still cannot quite understand how she enslaved so many redoubtable victims. Her biographer says they fell in love with her conversation, and I'll take his word for it. Loving her, and especially being loved by her, must

have been the most emotionally exhausting thing any human being could have to endure. Nevertheless, no woman has been more truly run after, and only her enemies called her fat, vain and insanely egotistical.

A recording session in the studio, from Francis Newton's *The Jazz Scene* (Macgibbon & Kee)



"The wildebeest went forward in long columns like squadrons of cavalry." From Alan Moorehead's book on Africa, *No Room In The Ark*. (Hamish Hamilton)

If you love Jane Austen (whose novels Germaine de Staël despised) this sort of grand heroine, a blowlamp of frenzied romantic passion, living from crisis to crisis of love yet never for one instant letting it interfere with work, will alarm you immensely. But nothing makes more enthralling reading.

The Anatomy Of Puck by K. M. Briggs is a cool book in comparison, but to me magical. Magic is in fact its business, since it is a history of fairies, hobgoblins, mermaids, monsters, kelpies, fuaths, bogarts, bogles, bug-a-boos, silkies, spriggans and shrikers from the time of Shakespeare on.

Anyone, like myself, who cannot have too much information about the Portunes—small fairies who visited farmhouses at night and cooked frogs for supper—and the golden-haired Welsh fairies, the Tylwyth Teg who are friendly with goats whose beards they comb on Thursdays, will never be parted from this book. There is a fine appendix full of fairy stories, and another providing some proven spells, charms and invocations.

I am a dedicated fan of the novels of Mr. Maurice Edelman—books where you may find, with great ease and speed, fluent, intelligent dialogue that flatters the reader, the recurrent theme of betrayal, and a hero that one now greets as an old friend. He is disabused, disenchanted, vulnerable, moody and from time to time pretty mean, self-aware and self-disliking; lonely as a cat but a good deal less self-sufficient, and prone to fearful bouts of jealousy, disgust and plain simple panic.

The new book, *A Call On Kuprin*, is a political thriller, a model of neatness and craftily played tension, in which a British political journalist and a Member of Parliament in uneasy collaboration visit Russia to attempt to fish a prominent Soviet scientist back to England. The book is immensely knowledgeable and expert, and it was only when I had finished reading it at breathless speed that I felt the thriller-element had perhaps stood in the way of what might have been a much deeper book about conscience, motive and reward. Yet how agreeable it is, to read a novel whose characters have real professions, and preoccupations other than their own sensibilities.

Briefly . . . Daphne du Maurier's new collection of short stories, *The Breaking Point*, is linked by a theme—the moment "when reality must be faced," when "it is as though a link between emotion and reason is stretched to the limit of endurance, and sometimes snaps." I am not entirely sure I know what this means, but anyhow the stories are easy reading by a master story-teller, a little old-fashioned in their style and neat trick plots, and just a little morbid like pale green fondants. . . . I can reach no conclusion whatsoever about Mr. Stuart Holroyd's *Flight And Pursuit*, except that it is phenomenal to find such an immensely serious piece of self-examination by so young a writer, and in England into the bargain. I am baffled and unnerved by Mr. Holroyd's weighty and unyielding stare into his own interior but Sir Herbert Read, who doesn't scare so easily, couldn't put it down.

THE BOOKS:

Mistress to an age by J. Christopher Herold (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.)

The anatomy of Puck by K. M. Briggs (Routledge & Kegan Paul 30s.)

A call on Kuprin by Maurice Edelman (Longmans, 16s.)

The breaking point by Daphne du Maurier (Gollancz, 15s.)

Flight & pursuit by Stuart Holroyd (Gollancz, 21s.)



Lifemanship expert Stephen Potter and his wife with Mr. H. J. Heinz II, at a party given to launch *The Magic Number*, Mr. Potter's story of the Heinz food firm. Max Reinhardt publish the book

BEAUTY



The Brontë look, smooth and demure, from John Cornel



The sleek look with a short parting from Robert Fielding



The kitten line with a triangular shape from Andreas of Mayfair



Above: Plaited top-knot caps a cocktail style. Right: A curling and frankly pretty look for the open air. Both styles from French of London



Sophistication from Charles Duraye with a jewelled band for evening

How well do you know your face?

by JEAN CLELAND

CONTEMPORARY HAIR FASHION has widened its scope. Now the individualist can choose from an infinite variety of styles.

The difficulty lies in deciding what to have, for it is a wise woman who knows her own face. In actual fact, very few of us do know and by the same token we are by no means always the best judge of what suits us.

When changing your hair style, the best plan is to go to an expert and let him advise you. He will take into consideration your personality, your age, your height and, above all, the shape of your face. If your hair is dressed contrary to this shape, everything is thrown out of balance, and the ultimate effect cannot be successful. Here are a few ideas from some of the hair stylists who have made a study of the subject.

Heart-shaped faces, with pointed chins. Fairly long hair gives the face a wider look at the jaw line. It should also be full at the sides to increase the effect of width.

Plump, round faces. The hair should be dressed rather high on top to give an illusion of length and height. A side parting can be effective with this shape of face, but it should be kept rather low at the side. In contrast to the heart-

shaped face, the style for a round one should be rather sleek and flat at the sides, and brought a little forward over the cheeks to decrease the width.

Square-shaped faces. This type needs gracefully dressed hair with curls at the sides, the whole idea being to give an effect of softness. Some of the experts say that the hair should be kept fairly short, with softness again on the forehead.

These are only a few examples of the way in which hair can be styled to balance the shape of the face. It can also be dressed to lessen the disadvantages of such features as a prominent chin or a too large nose. All these things are taken into account by the skilled stylist, whose eye is trained to get the best effect for each client.

Young girls are advised to have something that is easy to manage at home. Anything too elaborate may mean fairly frequent visits to the hairdresser if it is to be kept in good shape, and this can prove expensive. Have a careless style if you like, but let it be a studied carelessness, and see that the hair is expertly cut and well-shaped.

Styles for older women should aim for elegance. The careless styles, which are attractive for the young girl, merely look untidy

when one is older. Grey hair especially must be well sculptured, shining and sleek.

In order to show the tremendous difference of the styles in vogue at the moment, I asked several of the leading hairdressers if they would do some for me to go on this page. Some of the results are pictured above. Short and sleek, long and careless, formal and informal, you may like some and dislike others, but they cover a wide range and have the virtue of being different.



FASHION HAIRDRESSING

Light as a meringue . . .

Smooth as cream . . .

Flattering as a magic mirror . . .

Feminine as a woman should be . . .

Bobbe Souffle!

*Martin Douglas's latest
contribution to a lovelier
and a happier world.*



by Martin Douglas

HIGH

There are Martin Douglas Salons at

LONDON: 30 Davies Street, W.1. MAYfair 8776 (4 lines)

LEEDS: Headrow House, The Headrow. LEEDS 33322

BOURNEMOUTH: J. J. Allen, Old Christchurch Road. BOURNEMOUTH 2535

SOUTHAMPTON: 68 Above Bar. SOUTHAMPTON 24981

BELFAST: At Robb's, 1-15 Castle Place. BELFAST 26491

LOOK
AT
HER



AND
YOU
KNOW

HER CASUALS ARE
FROM

tracy

70/71 New Bond Street
London, W.1 Tel: MAYfair 3652



Registered Des. No. 891071

Make sure it's a

RIMINI AEROBERET

19/11

KANGOL

—look inside for the label

39 Fitzroy Square, London W1

*A custom made
Tartan skirt
from Scotland*

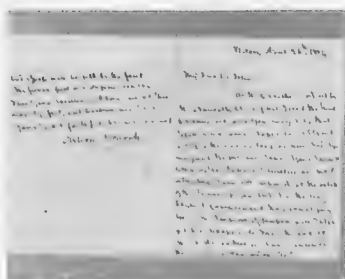


Cut with an eye
for line from
the finest material.
Write for your
copy of the Skirt
Service brochure.
Prices are from £5.0.0

PAISLEYS LTD

JAMAICA STREET GLASGOW
Telephone CITY 7811

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM BY NEIL PEPPÉ



Framed letter written by Lord Nelson is from the collection at Little Ships Unlimited, recently opened at 36 Dover Street, W.1. The firm is probably unique in London for its vast scope of nautical equipment

—ranging from boats to clothes and food. This four-page letter, addressed to Sir John Acton, Bart., from Nelson's Victory, costs 90 gns. Others sell from 50 gns.

Little Ships Unlimited, besides selling Nelson letters, also sell dinghies and cabin-cruisers (some of which they have on view). They equip them in every way, and clothe the sailors both practically and glamorously. They have a wide range of life-saving equipment, and also distress signals. There is also a large stock of outboard motors, from 1 to 50 h.p. Kapok-filled gay cushions are available for decorating seats at about 42s. 6d., and they even sell provisions for the boat's larder. For instance, self-heating soups in five varieties at 3s. 9d. each. Little Ships are also agents for various yacht designers and builders and can help their customers in this way. For anyone wishing to have a painting of their yacht or a seascape, Little Ships can put them in touch with Tom Lewsey, their marine artist. I have only mentioned a few of the things Little Ships can do!

Shoulder bag and nautical cushion from Anne Isherwood, 15 Bath Road, Cowes, where there is a wide range of sailing accessories including head-scarves and ornaments such as ashtrays and mugs. The roomy bag is in navy blue waterproof canvas, trimmed with white, and has a white strap. Price: £3 15s. It is obtainable with any burgee, racing flag or even initials in code flags. The pale blue and navy cushion (18 in. by 18 in.), in felt-covered Dunlopillo, has an appliquéd anchor. Price: 3 gns. It comes in other colours and also in poplin, kapok filled, price £1 17s. 6d.



Lillywhites' Sailing Centre at 198 Sloane Street has been opened to provide a similar service to that given to customers at their ski-ing centre. On the first floor of this new centre is Lillywhites' complete range of sailing clothes for men, women and children (some of which are shown in our fashion pages). On the ground floor there is a free advice bureau, and a display of dinghies and sailing equipment sold by them. It is run by Miss Ann Currey, who will arrange sailing courses (weekly lectures are given at the Centre for complete beginners), including bookings for instruction at certain sailing clubs. She can also advise on the buying of boats. Lillywhites also sell folding boats and canoes and the *Beaufort Beaver* inflatable dinghy which can take an outboard motor up to 5 h.p., and packs into a small space. They have a small supply of outboard motors, besides water-skis and under-water swimming equipment. The telephone number of the new Sailing Centre is BELGRAVIA 6361



Brass bell and brass "gimbal" oil lamp, from Captain O. M. Watts at 49 Albemarle Street, a mecca for yachtsmen in London. They stock all kinds of equipment, from simple things to highly complicated gadgets, from practical to purely decorative. They also have yachting clothes. The bell comes in several sizes, this one costs £4 1s. (Also in chrome,

price, £5 8s. 5d.) The oil lamp has an enclosing arm which swings in accordance with the roll of the ship, and a brass "hat" smoke shade. In various sizes, this one costs £2 15s. complete. (Also in chrome, price £3 9s. 6d.)

Boat Services, 430 King's Road, S.W.10, are tucked away in Chelsea's World's End. They started originally as yacht brokers, but have widened their scope to cover the selling of boats, sea-fishing gear and other equipment. Surveys are carried out for customers who want to buy a boat or yacht, and they will assess for insurance companies. They keep a record of second-hand boats for sale, all arrangements being made by Mr. Murray Meikle who also deals with boats in stock which go up to 70 feet. Telephone number: FLAXMAN 5483



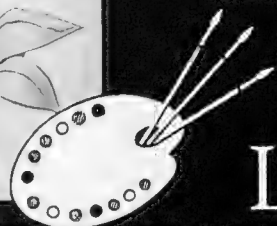
YELLOW ROSE TREND CONTINUES

BLONDES triumph with ROSE NACRÉ

BRUNETTES succeed with TANGO ROSE

REDHEADS conquer with GÉRANIUM

Rouge and Varnish to match



LANCÔME

John Cornel of 19 Conduit Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 4606, 4607 and 4435
announces the opening
of three new branches

● **RICHMOND** 47-49 The Quadrant,
Richmond 2291/2 (open
all day Saturday).

● **VICTORIA** 5 Ebury Street, Victoria
0818 & 5286 (open to 8
p.m. every evening).

● **CAMBRIDGE** 9 Emmanuel Street,
Cambridge 58791/2.

the feminine look

by John Cornel
HAIR FASHIONS

**153/5 KENSINGTON
HIGH STREET, W.8**
Western 6066 & 6067. Open to
8 p.m. Wednesdays and Fridays.

**33 THURLOE STREET,
SOUTH KENSINGTON
STATION, S.W.7**
Kensington 9352. Open to
8 p.m. Wednesdays and Fridays.

**350, 356 & 358
STREATHAM HIGH RD.,
Streatham 3204 & 3205.** Open
to 8 p.m. Wednesdays and
Fridays.

**CARLO'S, 94 HIGH ST.,
EPSOM, SURREY**
Epsom 2142. Open to 8 p.m.
Tuesdays and Fridays.

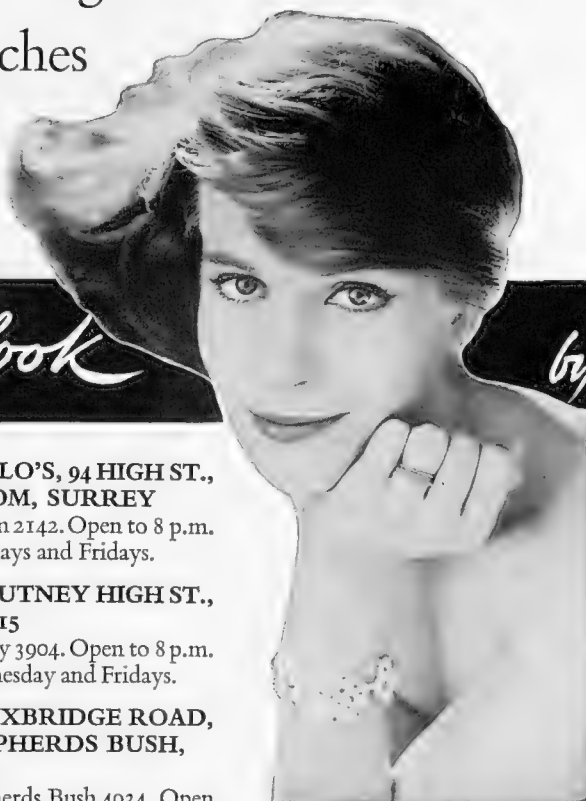
**157 PUTNEY HIGH ST.,
S.W.15**
Putney 3904. Open to 8 p.m.
Wednesday and Fridays.

**210 UXBRIDGE ROAD,
SHEPHERDS BUSH,
W.12**
Shepherds Bush 4934. Open
to 8 p.m. Wednesdays and
Fridays.

**110 QUEENSWAY,
BAYSWATER, W.2**
Bayswater 2933. Open to 8 p.m.
Wednesdays and Fridays.

**12 WORPLE ROAD,
WIMBLEDON**
Wimbledon 0635. Open to 8 p.m.
Tuesdays and Fridays.

**13 & 15 SOUTH ROAD,
SOUTHALL**
Southall 1535. Open to 8 p.m.
Tuesdays and Fridays.



perrier
NATURAL
SPARKLING WATER



Bubble, bubble
Tummy trouble
How ill it can betide you,
But 'mornings after'
Turn to laughter
With Perrier beside you.

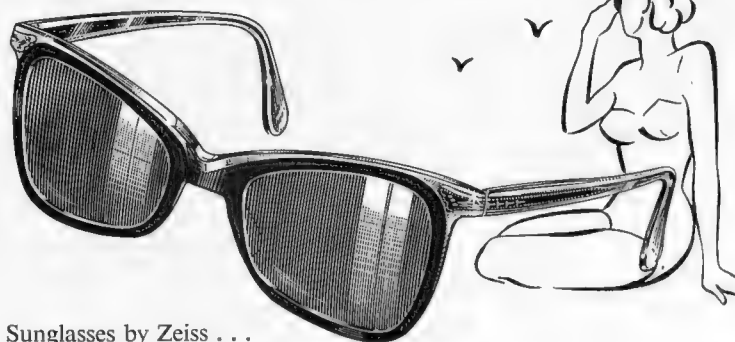
perrier
makes you



SPARKLE

ZEISS Umbrals

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SUNGLASSES



Sunglasses by Zeiss . . .
to keep beautifully tanned features in elegant repose . . .
eyes protected from the glare of sun on the sea, on the road,
or in high mountains. Famous Zeiss Lenses, and
anatomically correct frames in bronze-like tufuma colour to
tone with sun tanned skin. Wide range of sizes
to ensure proper fit.

Zeiss Umbrals are also supplied to prescription, and the
lenses retain their even tint no matter what the power.

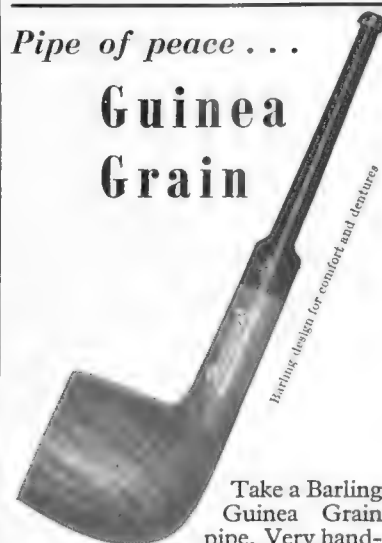
These sunglasses are fitted to individual
requirements by qualified opticians only.

Ask for Illustrated Brochure from the British Agent
for Carl Zeiss—THE GREATEST NAME IN OPTICS.

DEGENHARDT 6 Cavendish Square, London, W.1
AND COMPANY LIMITED Telephone: Langham 6097/9

Pipe of peace . . .

**Guinea
Grain**



Take a Barling
Guinea Grain
pipe. Very hand-
some—and the overall balanced
weight promises comfort. Pack
the sturdy briar bowl with your
favourite tobacco. How easy it
is to hold the special mouth-
piece! Now, light up . . . relax and
enjoy a really peaceful, cool and
mellow smoke.

Also available in Ye Olde Wood,
Standard and Sandblast Series
ALWAYS INSIST ON A

Barling
LONDON 1812

B. BARLING & SONS LTD.
Pipe makers in London since 1812

I KNEW BRECHT

continued from page 586

wanger from the Marlowe play. I had attended every rehearsal and knew that it was going to be wonderful. It all turned out quite differently. The leading man had been outstanding at rehearsals but on the first night he was so odd that we thought he had gone mad. He turned out to be tight. The audience blamed the play and Brecht. So one of his most beautiful productions ended with a row and a fight. I had started it by slapping the face of a student who whistled when Brecht took his curtain. I emerged gloriously, praised by all Brecht's friends. It was at that occasion, too, that I made friends with his first wife. The play, despite the scandal, was a hit.

When I came to Berlin Brecht had a whole "clan" around him. From my earnings at Mannheim I bought a house in Zehlendorf on the outskirts of Berlin. But as usual—according to Brecht—I had overdone things and could not keep the place up. On the advice of friends Brecht's second wife moved in with their children. There we were in a small house with three maids, two children and my dog. Brecht, as always, had his own studio and flat in town and only turned up for meals. He never lived there. When I came back to Berlin after the war a legend had grown up around my house. The present owner told me proudly that Brecht had lived there. I had to disillusion him.

In fact, when Brecht returned after the war, he *had* become a legend. In former years when we quarrelled he used to say: "And that's how you talk to a classic?" It was a standing joke but I knew that deep in his heart he meant it. When I went to visit him in his last flat, which was in the Berlin slums, looking out on the cemetery where (according to his last wish) he was buried, I asked some workmen who were building in the courtyard whether they knew where Brecht lived. They all shouted: "Oh, Brecht," downed tools and came with me. I was petrified to appear at the flat with the whole enthusiastic gang. I said: "Now you all go back to work, or Herr Brecht will be angry." To my surprise they obeyed at once.

That was the afternoon we put together the Brecht programme I was to do in London. He loved the idea of a recital at London University. At rehearsals when he ex-

concluded on page 610

Coast road in Madeira
—packed with hazards

Island motoring

by GORDON WILKINS

I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER SAY AT ONCE THAT I'M NOT harking back to the traffic islands of my "island people" theme. I mean genuine small islands this time, and there is a curious and satisfying intensity about the experience of motoring on them. With a continent spread out before us we cover anything from three to six hundred miles in a day, intent on arriving, and absorbing no more than a general impression of the passing scenery. The knowledge that a run of a few miles in any direction will bring the car to the sea's edge causes the tempo to drop.

With a volcanic island like Madeira, where I was a few weeks ago, the configuration of the land introduces more variety and incident into one mile than one normally finds in 10. You climb up through banana plantations, past vineyards (where the vines are supported high on wire frames to allow space for a vegetable crop to grow underneath) and through orchards, twisting and turning along roads lined with hydrangeas and agapanthus. Suddenly you turn a corner and the road is running along a narrow rock shelf, hacked out of the sheer mountainside at a dizzy height above the sea. Every mile brings some breathtaking new panorama and though at the end of a hard day's driving you may have covered no more than 130 miles, it seems just as arduous and a good deal more interesting than three or four times the distance on the mainland.

On first sight one has the impression of stepping into a more leisurely past. Funchal has no adequate harbour for ocean liners, though one is now being built. At present passengers are taken off in small boats, surrounded by the bum boats laden with embroidery and wickerwork, and the rowing boats of the boys diving into the blue water for silver coins. On the sea front, many of the taxis which meet the boat are collectors' pieces—American tourers of the 1920s, some of which have covered nearly 200,000 miles on this island which is only 35 miles long and 13 wide. Beautifully maintained and gaily painted, with names like Reo, Durant and Chandler, doing their gentle round in the sunshine, achieving the nearest thing to motor-car immortality.

Not that the wheel is fully accepted as indispensable for island excursions. There are the bullock carts, *carros de bois*, in bright green, yellow and red, with fringed sunshades, sliding on steel-shod runners over the cobbles. For hilly

outings there is the *rede*, or hammock, slung on a pole, complete with an embroidered coverlet for breezy days. The most exciting vehicle, the *carinho de cesto*, is a light sledge for two which hurtles down the steep cobbled streets into the town controlled, rather precariously it sometimes seems, by attendants wearing straw hats. It is now brought out only when the big liners discharge their camera-laden tourists on the island for a few hours, but the spirit of the *carinho* riders lives on in the younger generation who can give drivers new to the island some heart-stopping moments as they hurtle down the slopes and across the main roads.

After years of regimented driving past the forest of warning signs and symbols which infest the highways of highly motorized countries, it is a refreshing if slightly startling change to drive on roads where any corner may conceal hazards which would turn one of our road surveyors' hair grey and find no sign—not a syllable to suggest that there is anything unusual. Indeed there isn't, for here the unusual is the norm. One morning we left Funchal, where the bougainvillea cascades in a glorious riot of colour down the gullies, where the mountain streams run through the town. We went along the Avenida Arriaga which the jacaranda transforms into a lovely vision of blue in springtime. Up through the suburbs where the brilliant red of the poinsettia, the camellias and the wild mimosa set one reaching for new reels of colour film. Then into the mountains, where the road climbed steeply along the side of a gorge, far above a river bed. Suddenly we rounded a corner, the driver braked and put the wheel on opposite lock and we stopped in a small car park on the edge of a thousand-foot drop. No warning signs, no arrows, reflectors or exclamation marks. Just the end of the road. You find it when you get there.

Along the north coast, from the little fishing port of Porto Moniz, where the Atlantic breakers dash against black lava crags, to Seixal, runs what must be one of the most exciting coast roads anywhere in the world. Narrow and precipitous, it winds up and down above the sea, seeming to cling to the cliffside only from force of habit. During the winter, the habit is sometimes broken when great rocks fall from above, biting pieces out of the road and sending them crashing into the sea below. When I went round with Ing. Ribeiro da Andrade in his German Ford Taunus 17M we found a place where the road had disappeared and a new path had been cut round the face of the fallen cliff. This is the route to be taken by competitors in the international rally which is being run round the island on 19 June. By then an all-out effort by the island's highway authorities will have repaired the ravages of the winter rains; but the route remains one of the most interesting and awe-inspiring I have ever seen.

Normally the shipping companies do not go out of their way to encourage the transport of tourists' cars to the island. The Bergen Line's *Venus*, on which I travelled, has a garage for cars on her summer run between Newcastle and Bergen but dispenses with it for the winter services to Madeira. At present cars have to be off-loaded into lighters at Funchal, but this will cease when the new harbour is completed.

For the rally on 19 June, a special ship has been chartered to carry competitors' cars free from Lisbon, and Reid's Hotel is offering free accommodation to British competitors. All this may awaken interest in a stimulating motoring experience in surroundings of rare beauty—which it is now difficult to find on the mainland.

*Backed by 12 months' guarantee and the world-wide Stanpart spares service.***PARK WITH PRIDE!**

It's a new experience in motoring!

Throw a real parking jam around the new Triumph Herald and watch how easily she gets out of a tight spot. The Triumph Herald can turn in an incredibly small circle—only 25 ft.! She's the modern car, designed to get a move on even in the worst traffic conditions. The steering is high-g geared yet feather-light to handle. And there's four-wing visibility to make manoeuvring safe and sure, with slender pillars to rule out dangerous blind spots. These are only some of a host of special features, all adding up to a new experience in motoring.

SALOON £702.7.6 (inc. P.T.) COUPÉ £730.14.2 (inc. P.T.)

THE NEW**TRIUMPH****Herald**

THE TRIUMPH HERALD IS A PRODUCT OF THE STANDARD-TRIUMPH GROUP
HEAD OFFICES AND FACTORIES: COVENTRY LONDON SHOWROOMS: BERKELEY SQUARE W.1. GRO 8181



WELL



Well Said –
EL CÍD is the Sherry that
pleases every palate!

A DUFF GORDON SHERRY

EL CÍD
LIGHT AMONTILLADO

Only 18/- a bottle

RUTHERFORD, OSBORNE & PERKIN LTD.
28 Monument Street, London, E.C.3

**THIS LITTLE CHAP
COULD MAKE YOUR
FORTUNE**

BREED

SAPPHIRE CHINCHILLAS
FROM

PEDIGREE STOCK
GUARANTEED TO LITTER
INSURANCE COVERED
FUR GRADING
CERTIFICATED

FREE BROCHURE ON APPLICATION

SAPPHIRE CHINCHILLAS (DEPT. T.)
398a, BROCKLEY ROAD, LONDON, S.E.4.



Bertolt Brecht at the
time of *The Threepenny
Opera*. From a picture
owned by the late
Ernestine Costa

I remember Brecht *continued*

plained how he wanted the songs done he was able to convey the right idea in one line. His English was quite good enough to judge English translations of his works. After all, he had lived in the United States for a long time. But rather than speak English imperfectly he preferred his English visitors to cope with interpreters or halting German. Once when he asked me to find him a Dirge set by Benjamin Britten, he began reciting the first English lines of the poem, and that had great beauty.

The last time I saw him in his theatre he wanted me to stay on for the evening performance. I found him so passive, tired and changed that I made an excuse and rushed away. I did not realize that I would never have another opportunity to see him. I wish I had spoken to him about the famous

letter he is supposed to have written after the events of the 17th of June (the revolt of the East Berlin population). After his death his elder daughter told me that he had been deeply grieved about the publication. It may well have hastened his death.

I should like to end with a posthumous poem which found its way out of East Berlin.

THE SOLUTION

*After the Revolt of the 17th of June
The Secretary of the Writers' Union
Had pamphlets distributed in the
Stalinalee
In which one could read that the people
Had forfeited the confidence of the
Government
And could only through redoubled effort
Recapture it. So would it
Not be simpler if the Government
Dissolved the people and
Chose another?*

STOKES JOKES



for you

the finest
filter tip
cigarette...

du MAURIER

3/11 FORTY TWO



ALSO PLAIN TIP IN THE BLUE BOX



...but everyone
has a 'double'
when it's
VAT 69



**THE ONE SCOTCH
THAT STANDS OUT**

DINING IN

Stand by for strawberries

by HELEN BURKE

WITH the wonderfully warm weather they enjoyed during their maturing period, strawberries should be plentiful and sweet. It seems a pity to do anything with them, except just eat them "as they are"—the earliest ones, at least. Later, we should have such good crops at reasonable prices as will encourage us to try various strawberry sweets.

Once, when just a year out of my teens, I was flying from London to Paris—rather frightened and hungry. There was no food on the plane, but someone was eating strawberries out of a punnet. Their perfume was tantalizing, but it did serve to take my mind off an air disaster of the previous day when 13 people lost their lives. Strawberries, then, are all that I remember of that first flight.

I have just listened again to one of the experts in the wholesale fruit trade who, each year, warns

me against the first strawberries. "Tell people not to judge our strawberries by these French ones, which are rubbish," he said. I do agree, having already been served with them quite frequently. They are 2s. 3d. to 3s. a pound as against our own, grown under cloches, at 5s. to 6s. a pound. Better wait for the arrival of the outdoor ones which we should be having about now. They will cost (I am told) 2s. to 2s. 6d. a pound and the prices will drop to 10d. to 1s., when we can think of using them for jam.

The expert says that there is still no strawberry like the Royal Sovereign, with which I agree.

Quickly wash the first really ripe strawberries (under running water if necessary) then dry them carefully with their calyces still attached. Pass half-whipped cream and sugar into which the berries can be dipped alternately. Later, you may find some of the berries a little on

the ripe side and beginning to become a little wet when they reach home. After rinsing, drain well, then place them in layers in a basin with a little caster sugar sprinkled between them. In a few hours the berries will have exuded their juice and, with the sugar, you will get a wonderfully full flavour.

One of the most luxurious of strawberry sweets is Fraises Romanoff, and here is Escoffier's recipe:

"Macerate some fine strawberries with orange juice and curaçao. Set them in a timbale surrounded with ice, and cover them with Chantilly cream laid upon them by means of a piping-bag, fitted with a large, grooved pipe."

Fraises Pierre Louis is another strawberry sweet I like. Sprinkle enough choice ripe strawberries with caster sugar and leave them for several hours, by which time the juices will have run. Strain off the syrup and, for four to five people, add to it a liqueur glass of kirsch. Half whip just under $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream and whisk the syrup into it. This should tint it slightly pink. When the cream has thickened enough pour it over the strawberries, then place them in the refrigerator to chill. A drop of culinary red colouring will strengthen the colour.

More mundane perhaps, but

certainly delicious, is Strawberry Melba. For it, I suggest a block of vanilla-flavoured ice cream, kept in the cold chamber of the refrigerator until the last minute. Sprinkle whole strawberries with caster sugar and a little curaçao and leave them to rest for 2 hours. Make a raspberry sauce this way: Melt 4 to 6 oz. raspberry jam in a small pan. Stir into it $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon arrowroot blended with 2 tablespoons water. Bring to the boil, remove at once and leave to cool.

Place the ice cream in a dish. Arrange the strawberries on top. Stir a tablespoon of kirsch into the sauce and pour it over the berries.



ESTD 1790
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SANDEMAN
SCOTCH WHISKY

The
King of
Whiskies

SANDEMAN & SONS LTD., EDINBURGH

FALSE TEETH
and no trouble at all

They enjoy life with no thought of denture worry. You too can know the confidence and comfort of a firm denture if you sprinkle your plate every morning with Dr. Wernet's Powder. You can laugh, talk and enjoy your meals all day long. Forget your false teeth, start using Dr. Wernet's TODAY.

DR. WERNET'S
POWDER

Over 50,000 dentists know how much it helps their patients—that's why they recommend it.

SKIN REJUVENATION
BIOLOGICAL HOME TREATMENT

BZ10 Skin Serum
created by
Phyllis Scott-Lesley

PHYLLIS SCOTT-LESLEY, a leading expert in Beauty Therapy, presents her new scientific discovery for ageing skin. MIRACLE formula BZ.10 containing "Placelium" especially imported from PARIS. This Serum is so effective you will be amazed at the astonishing Beauty benefits you will receive.

A New Face—A New Future
40/- per tube. Obtainable at Harrod's and the best Perfumeries or post free from

PHYLLIS SCOTT-LESLEY
Dept. K, 11 Old Bond Street, London, W.1

100
YEARS
AGO...

...the idea of Red Cross was born. Please mark this centenary year by donation or legacy. Informative leaflets available on request.

The
BRITISH RED CROSS

National Headquarters: Society
14 GROSVENOR CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

RUFFINO

The
GOLD MEDAL
Chianti

* Awarded by the International Jury of the Universal Fair of Brussels.

Agents: B. Wood & Son (Wine Shippers) Ltd., 4 New London Street, London, E.C.3.



COODEN BEACH HOTEL
Near BEXHILL, SUSSEX

This is a luxury hotel on the South Coast where the hotel gardens run on to the beach. We offer the finest holiday for those seeking: Quiet comfort, first class food and wines, cocktail bar and lounge, golf, swimming, tennis, squash, riding. Hourly trains from Victoria. By road 64 miles from London.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Phone Cooden 281 or write to the Manager for brochure and tariff.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2, June 10, 1959. Re-entered as Second-class Matter, January 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the act of March 3, 1879, © 1959 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



Schweppshire Guide to public speaking

NO. 4 HOW TO SPEAK OUT OF DOORS

Sometimes you have to, without being really suited to it. Once a year Mr. Pinder gives away the prizes at the Rollo Road Lawn Tennis Tournament. He has been rehearsing the speech, privately, for ten days. He has even come home before the rush so as to get an empty railway carriage where he could practise *throwing* his voice, the pleasing tenor quality of which makes up for a certain deficiency in power.

It is July, but on Finals Day a strong breeze is blowing Mr. Pinder's voice sideways, and the sisters and fiancées and the groundsman's family will not stand quite close enough. Mr. Pinder is heard but only partially.

"... once again turning up like a BAD PENNY ... STELLA LUNT'S GOT MY BAT (*this was the Fosdick boy*) ... whose absence we must all deeply regret ... We are all glad that Mr. & Mrs. E.G. (*bark from Mrs. Lunt's poodle*) once more entered the lists CHAMPLE CHAMPLE (*tea tray crashes*) ... above all not forget to thank Mrs. FOSDICK for SO admirably looking after the Inner Man *carumb, CARUMB, CARUMB (exuberant rattle over the points of the 6.18 from Crystal Palace along the embankment at the back of the tennis courts. At this point it is thought better to switch on the microphone, whereupon every word makes a sound but all words sound alike).* BLARBER BLARBER BLARBER."

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS. THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

**Collectors' guide
to 'Choicest' tea-ware**

WORCESTER

by WOLF MANKOWITZ



'Scale-blue' teapot, C.1770, with painted birds and insects in reserved panels, typifying the famous and almost over ornate style of the period.

A PORCELAIN manufacture was established in 1751 by a group which included Dr. John Wall, a physician whose medical prowess is forgotten, but whose name is celebrated by its identification with the first and finest period of Worcester. Associated with Dr. Wall was Edward Cave whose connection with the *Gentleman's Magazine* assured the Worcester products free publicity which their excellence deserved.

The earliest Worcester tea-ware was of a soapstone paste very similar to that of early Bristol, thin and hard-looking, creamy white or greyish, its glaze tending to recede from the base or foot-ring of a cup, saucer or jug. The Dr. Wall Period (until 1783) saw improvements in paste and potting and the introduction of fine decoration in the style of Meissen. About 1768 Chelsea artists were employed to paint in the richer manner of Sèvres and their green, yellow, claret and lavender grounds with panels of exotic birds, foliage or figure subjects, obscure the fine quality of the porcelain itself. The famous imbricated dark-blue ground known as "Scale blue", though highly priced and sought after, exemplifies this tendency toward over-decoration.

From 1783 until 1840 the Worcester factory was conducted by members of the families of Flight and Barr, and decoration became of supreme importance. Topographical subjects, shells, feathers, portraits and classical themes in colour, grey, or brown by such artists as Pennington and Baxter distinguish the tea-ware produced in large quantities throughout this period.

The absorption of other factories including Chamberlain's (1840), Kerr's (1850), Grainger's (1889), and Hadley's (1905) formed the Royal Worcester Porcelain Company which continues to the present day the manufacture of fine tea-ware in traditional and modern styles.

NOTE TO COLLECTORS. 18th century pieces are rather rare although there is a fair amount of 19th century Worcester still to be found if you have a discerning eye. Something else worth discovering is the excellent combination of Brooke Bond 'Choicest' tea together with your Worcester tea-ware. This fragrant blend of Ceylon and Assam teas is uncommonly good. And at 2/- a quarter it is undoubtedly the best value in tea today.



Tea-caddies were small, reflecting the high cost of tea during the latter part of the XVIIIth Century.

W & B W

Flight & Barr

Flight Barr & Barr FBB



The cake-plate was a regular item in the tea service of the period (C.1770).